The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1914.

Summary of the News

The Mexican situation has assumed a new aspect during the past week, inducing a change in the policy of the Administration. On April 16 it was assumed that the crisis was over on Gen. Huerta's agreeing to salute the American flag provided the salute were returned. On the following day, however, Huerta reconsidered his attitude and demanded that the salute should be gun for gun. An ultimatum was sent on Saturday, April 18, giving him until 6 P. M. on Sunday to accede to the United States demand for an unconditional salute. Huerta's only reply to the ultimatum was to make a fresh demand for a written protocol guaranteeing that the salute should be returned, a request which was immediately refused. A blockade of Mexican ports was thereupon ordered, and on Monday the President went before a joint session of Congress to ask for the authorization to take what measures were required by the needs of the situation. President Wilson's message, in which he was careful to emphasize that the measures he has thought it necessary to adopt are directed not against the Mexican people, but against Gen. Huerta, is the subject of comment elsewhere. On Tuesday, while the Senate was still debating the terms of the resolution that should be adopted, a party in the Senate urging one so phrased as to cover the possibility of armed intervention, orders were issued by the Executive for the seizure of the custom house at Vera Cruz to prevent a large shipment of field guns and ammunition that was to be landed there from being transported to Mexico City.

The operations of the rebels have meanwhile continued to be largely successful. According to dispatches received on Saturday, they had captured Salinas and Puente Morelos and had won another victory at Juarez. A dispatch from El Paso on Monday conveyed the information that the Constitutionalist army had begun its assault on Monterey and gave the text of a message from Gen. Gonzales reporting that on April 15 the town of Cadereyta had been captured after a fierce battle in which the Federal garrison of 2,000 was almost annihilated.

The result of an informal poll of the delegates to the Democratic convention at Baltimore in 1912, undertaken by Senator Gore, is interesting as showing that nearly one-half of the delegates support the position taken by the President on the Panama Canal tolls question. Of those who have written to Senator Gore, 504 are in favor of the repeal, 98 oppose it, and 23 are non-committal.

Evidence that no exemption of tolls for American coastwise traffic using the Panama Canal was contemplated at the time of the framing of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was presented to the Interoceanic Canals Committee of the Senate on April 16, when a letter from Joseph H. Choate, ex-Ambassador to Great Britain, was read into the record. Mr. Choate declared his conviction that the negotiations at the time excluded "the possibility of any exemption of any kind of vessels of the United States."

The text of the treaty with Colombia has not yet been given to the Senate, but was published in Bogotá and in Paris last week. Considerable opposition has developed in the Senate to the clause in which the Government of the United States "expresses sincere regret for anything that may have interrupted or altered the relations of cordial friendship existing long between the two nations."

A decision in the Kansas insurance-rate case was handed down by the Supreme Court on Monday affirming the right of a State to regulate rates of insurance.

The Militia Reorganization bill, empowering the President, with the assent of Congress, to raise an additional volunteer force in case of war, was passed in the Senate on Monday.

The Colorado mine strike resulted on Monday in a serious clash between the strikers and the State militia, in which several strikers, one soldier, and one noncombatant were killed.

An attempt on the life of Mayor Mitchel, of New York, was made on April 17, when an elderly man, who has since been found to be mentally irresponsible, fired at him as he was entering an automobile in front of City Hall. The bullet missed the Mayor and struck Corporation Counsel Frank Polk, who was beside him. Mr. Polk was wounded in the jaw, but the injury happily proved not to be dangerous.

An important step towards municipal home rule has been taken in New York State. Gov. Glynn last week signed the Murtaugh-Sullivan Optional City Charter bill, giving to all cities of the second and third class the right to adopt a simplified form of charter. Seven optional forms of charter are offered to the cities, and each is privileged to choose the particular one which is approved by a majority of its voters.

The debates in the House of Commons during the past week have been enlivened by the repetition of charges of a Liberal "conspiracy" to coerce Ulster. On Friday a statement was made public by Sir Edward Carson and other members of the Ulster Unionist Council, embodying charges that during the recent crisis Lieut.-Gen. Sir Arthur Paget had been instructed to seize various strategic points and that Ulster was to be blockaded by land and sea, and on Monday the matter was taken up in the House of Commons, the demand being made from the Unionist side for a judicial inquiry. So far as the details of the charges can be gathered from cable dispatches, they seem to have been sufficiently answered in Mr. Winston Churchill's statement in the House of Commons on March 30.

The full returns of the elections in Sweden are not available as we write, but there appears to be no doubt that the Liberals have been defeated by a substantial majority, having lost a number of seats both to the Conservatives and to the Socialists. The result of the elections will, therefore, be to endorse the proposed increase in naval and military armaments and the direct intervention of the King in political controversy, which were the causes that brought about the resignation of the Liberal Ministry.

The threatened strike of the employees of the Italian railways, to which we alluded last week, and in anticipation of which the Government had made extraordinary preparations, was abandoned on Monday.

The Parliamentary crisis in Japan, produced by the resignation of the Yamamoto Ministry on account of the naval scandals and the failure of Viscount Kiyoura to form a Cabinet, was settled by the acceptance of the Premiership by Count Shigenobu Okuma, ex-Foreign Minister, who announced on April 15 that he had been able to complete his Cabinet.

The Chinese brigand, White Wolf, who since last autumn has extended his depredations through three provinces and has sacked a dozen cities, finally threatening the ancient city of Sian-fu, has apparently met with reverses recently at the hands of the Government troops. It was reported on April 16 that he had been severely defeated with considerable loss at a point northwest of Sian-fu, but, following the self-appointed destiny of bandits in countries troubled by civil strife, on Monday he issued a proclamation denouncing President Yuan Shi-Kai, and proposing himself as a saviour of the republic who, after he had effected the capture of Sian-fu, would inaugurate a reign of social justice.

From dispatches from London published in Monday's papers it would appear that Montenegro is again bellicose. Territory on the Albanian side of the frontier occupied by the Hoti and Gryda tribes was awarded to Montenegro by the Ambassadors' conference, but the frontier line has not yet been definitely established. Montenegrins, however, seem to have anticipated the deliberations of the frontier commission by invading the territory, and fighting has been reported around Tuzi.

The deaths of the week include: George Alfred Townsend, Aaron J. Zabriskie, April 15; Dr. George William Hill, April 16; Arthur McKee Rankin, April 17; Alfred Noble, April 19; Charles S. S. Peirce, S. R. Crockett, Brig.-Gen. William H. Cotton, April 20; Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, April 21.

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The Week

President Wilson's message did not clear up a confused situation. Rather, it introduced new elements of doubt and uncertainty. If Congress listened to the President expecting to be fired by glowing appeals, it was disappointed. If anybody thought that the country would be set aflame by the message, he must have been surprised by the actual result. People are more puzzled than ever. They hear talk of war, and see preparations for war going on, but can't tell for the life of them what it is all about. The President was to set their patriotic emotions ablaze, but somehow he did little more than give them new problems on which to exercise their minds. He was to make their hearts burn, but in reality only made their heads ache.

The arrangement of Federal districts by the Organization Board, and the allotment of Federal reserve cities, have been made, with resultant criticism in many quarters, which was perhaps inevitable under the general plan pursued. But the fact that there should be dissatisfaction is regrettable, and its existence greatly emphasizes the importance of a wise choice of the five members of the Federal Reserve Board who, along with the Secretary of the Treasury and the Controller of the Currency, are to constitute that important body. The law provides that at least two of these five appointees "shall be persons experienced in banking and finance," and that "one shall be designated by the President as governor and one as vice-governor of the Federal Reserve Board." It is not yet clear precisely how the relative spheres of authority and activity of the Federal Reserve Board and of the regional bank directorates will be defined in routine practice, and there is a multitude of details, in the working machinery of the system, on the introduction of which the national board will be naturally called upon to decide. The successful operation of the system, especially in its early and experimental stages, will depend very largely on the selection of men of sufficient practical experience, mental balance, and capacity for sound judgment, to enable them so to deal with these immediate problems as at once to inspire confidence in the banking and business community. We should regard it as in the highest degree unfortunate if the two "persons experienced in banking and finance" were not to be men widely and favorably known for their training and knowledge of the problem, alike in its practical and theoretical aspects.

With the Government adopting post-office advertising and the sending of bulletins to school heads to further the demand for public documents, it must be encouraging to find popular backing for the proposed measure to permit their distribution through book shops and publishing agencies. The change would seem to affect solely the individual. Yet one of the Western State universities has discovered that it would be more convenient to order through trade channels, and to this public libraries all over the country agree. The present law prohibits the Superintendent of Documents from selling more than one copy of a Government publication to a person or firm dealing in books for profit. The amendment should make possible a new advertisement of various documents; their public exposure where they are of interest to special groups or communities; and facilitate the ordering of them by men who "never find time" to send a letter to Washington, with money-order or stamps enclosed. Those who object to any margin of profit would still have the opportunity of ordering direct; and while this may not cover all the opposition to permitting commercial disposal of documents, especially if there were a chance to speculate in those of which there is a limited supply, it leaves few dangers in the plan.

In cutting down legislative appropriations for the purpose of making a good showing at the end of the year, the principle seems to be to cut, not where there is least need, but where there is least political resistance. There are always patriots in Congress to rush to the defence of our harbors, our internal waterways, and our post offices; but what members would be sufficiently interested to take up the cudgels for an institution like the Children's Bureau, so remotely connected with the maintenance of political fences? Well, be it said to the credit of a majority in the House that it did rally last week to the defence of so eminently deserving a cause as that with which Miss Lathrop's name has been so long connected. By an amendment to the Appropriations Committee's report, the House increased the item for the Children's Bureau from $25,000 to nearly seven times as much.

Such national bodies as the Conservation Congress may disagree about State vs. Federal control, but the Western Conference of Governors has always decidedly espoused the former principle. That it has made slow progress is traceable to a public caution bred by the alliance of advocates of a "hurry-up" exploitation of natural resources with advocates of local regulation. Risks are not precipitately to be incurred. The Western Conference has just adjourned in Denver, with resolutions that have an unwontedly reassuring ring. "It is the duty of every State to adopt such laws as will make for true conservation of our resources, prevent monopoly, and render the greatest good to the greatest number; and as rapidly as the States prepare themselves to carry out such a policy the Federal Government should withdraw its supervision and turn the work over to the States." The generalities seem to glitter here, but those familiar with legislation like Pennsylvania's to conserve forests by taxation, irrigation legislation like that passed in virtually every semi-arid State and in Oregon and Washington in 1913, with such agreements as with Oregon for the joint investigation of development projects, and with the powers recently vested in water and conservation commissions everywhere, will understand the general legislative tendencies the Governors would encourage. For such other recommendations as the one specifying that 10 per cent. of unappropriated lands be given to the States to be sold for a reclamation fund, not so much can be said. But the whole tenor of the Conference looked to co-operation with Washington.

The chairman of the Commission which administers the Wisconsin Workmen's Compensation law draws a striking contrast between its working and that of the system which prevailed before the law was passed. In 1910, he says, it cost "$450,000 to carry $150,000 to the injured workmen; in 1914 [the

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estimate being based on the showing for January] the injured workmen will receive $900,000, and the administration will cost less than $12,000." These figures are startling; but, whether strictly accurate or not, they reflect the general nature of the beneficent change wrought by workmen's compensation laws. It is this manifest avoidance of the lamentable waste involved in the litigation system which did as much, perhaps, as any one thing to recommend the idea of the automatic compensation plan to the general approval of public opinion in this country. Even in this aspect, the waste was but one part of the matter; for besides the deplorable waste there was the cruel uncertainty. When we add to this the other two great factors in the case—the hardship of having the workman bear the brunt of accidents which are part of the normal risks of the trade, and the incentive which a proper compensation law supplies to the prevention of accidents—there is no difficulty in understanding the rapid headway made by this kind of legislation in State after State.

When the future historian comes to write of the forces which were operating on April 14, 1914, to shape the destiny and the spirit of the American people, we wonder what relative importance he will assign to President Wilson's order for the concentration of our fleet at Tampico and to the opening of the major league baseball season. He will have to be a very skilful historian to keep his proportions correct. He will record the fact that in a year of business depression the automobile industry was thriving. He will take note of the fact that while bands of the unemployed were creating unrest in the cities, equally numerous bands of citizens were flocking to the tango academies and the dancing teas. He will be telling only part of the story if he overlooks the fact that in a period of general hard times a new eight-club league has forced its way into organized baseball, attracted by the prospect of handsome profits.

For a victim of the suppressive tactics of the Associated Press, the editor of the *Masses* seems to be somewhat of an adept at suppression himself. In the last number of that militant publication, Mr. Eastman is at pains to show how a wrong caption under a characteristic cartoon printed in an earlier issue of the *Masses* wasn't so wrong after all. The picture in question—so we gather—dealt with the public banquet which brought to an end the recent Episcopal Convention on Morningside Heights. The reader was asked by the artist to contemplate the spectacle of the successors of Jesus guzzling and swilling at a Broadway hotel at $20 a plate. To this some one in authority has replied that the cost per plate was not twenty dollars, but four dollars, and that the total expenditure on wines and tobacco was less than fifty cents per person. The obvious thing for Editor Eastman to do was to prove that a public dinner of clergymen and laity at four dollars a head was as bad as, if not really worse than, one at twenty dollars a head. Mr. Eastman accomplishes the task to his satisfaction, but, as the outsider sees it, only after severely suppressing several elementary laws of logic, together with his sense of humor and fair play.

With all of our traditional practical sense, latterly dignified by terms like efficiency and scientific management, we are still subject to the appeal of the imagination. An instance in point is the starting of the "great Lincoln highway" across the State of Illinois. Few are stirred by the mass of argument for good roads, but a Lincoln highway—that is altogether different. And so we have the Governor taking off his coat, rolling up his shirt-sleeves, moistening his hands, seizing a silver spade, and turning the first earth in the new thoroughfare. Yet the memorial element in the event is almost negligible. Lincoln's memory is used on behalf of a project that, without it, would be less promising of success. "Illinois is ashamed of its roads," explained the Governor, speaking from a motor truck after he had finished with the silver spade, "but we have awakened, and reproaches will not be our due much longer." Then the popular imagination was aroused again by the sight of the Governor pulling the lever and starting the huge motor truck forward. What would our Yankee shrewdness amount to without our love for sentiment and spectacle?

How to discover a great wave of public sentiment, or, if you can't find it, to invent it, the following telegram shows:

CINCINNATI, OHIO, *April 10, 1914.*
SOME RELIABLE NEWSPAPER MAN,
Elkhart, Ind.:

Please file early Friday evening 300 words showing unfavorable sentiment your section toward President Wilson's stand on Panama Canal tolls. Interview big business men and get them to say something hot. ENQUIRER.

Unfortunately, this was delivered to a newspaper man in Elkhart not at all "reliable." He sent it on to Senator Kern, who read it in the Senate and had it inserted in the *Congressional Record*. It lights up instructively the tactics which the owner of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and the Washington *Post* has been using in his campaign against the President.

The Indiana Progressive Convention did not fail to perform the first task of all such conventions, namely, to prove that the organization is not a one-man party by greeting with enthusiasm the naming of Theodore Roosevelt as the Progressive Presidential candidate for 1916. Senator Poindexter was at pains to point out the availability of this gentleman for the nomination by reminding his hearers that the Colonel "has the prestige of his record in the Presidency." He has also the prestige of his record at Chicago, where he demonstrated what it is to be a good loser and the only man who can win. Upon the tolls exemption matter, the Senator took a lofty position. "The Progressive party does not believe," he said, "in distorting the language of a treaty." The ears of those notorious treaty-distorters, Messrs. Choate and White, must have burned as these words were uttered. It has remained for the Democratic party, according to the Senator, to propose to surrender the sovereignty of "this most costly of all the American possessions to the whims, caprice, and sordid interests of foreign countries and domestic railroad lines." In the face of such unassailable logic, it is disheartening to read of four times as many Republicans as Progressives going to primaries in Indiana in places that cast more votes for Roosevelt than for Taft in November, 1912.

It is hard to believe that the lurid rhetoric of a Blease can long prevail against so plain a statement of the educational condition of South Carolina as the Columbia *State* ventures to make.

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Pointing out that South Carolina is one of but six States to be without a compulsory education law, while all foreign nations have such laws, the *State* asks whether it is only coincidence that in Massachusetts, with compulsory education extending over a period of two centuries, two out of three men, women, and children have savings-bank deposits. But State pride should be enough to stir South Carolina to lift herself from a position so near the foot of the ladder as is shown by the fact that in percentage of children in school she ranks forty-third; in number of days the schools are open, forty-sixth; in value of public school property and in percentage of literacy, forty-seventh; and in yearly expenditure for each child of school age, forty-eighth. Thirty-five States have been admitted to the Union since South Carolina and her twelve sister commonwealths formed it, and almost every one of them is ahead of her in popular education, one of the primary elements of self-government.

In the early days of our occupation of the Philippines, Mr. Dooley found occasion to animadvert on the cocksureness of certain Americans who, a week or two before, were somewhat in doubt whether the Philippines were islands or canned goods. We are a long distance from that condition of mind now, and yet there is quite enough mistiness in prevalent notions concerning the Filipinos to make such an address as that of Commissioner Quezon, decidedly conducive to enlightenment. He acknowledges very fully the advance that has been made, in education and government, during the American occupation, but insists also on the fact that the people of the archipelago were in the main a civilized and a Christian people long before we went there, and that they had a widespread educational and governmental system. His plea for a speedy advance towards independence is based both on the degree of culture which obtained before our arrival and on the great progress that has been made since. A cutting from a Filipino newspaper, which has just come to hand, is of special interest in connection with Mr. Quezon's statement. From this it appears that the Philippine Assembly has unanimously passed a bill prohibiting the taking of photographs of nude persons; the reason, as the newspaper puts it, being that "the practice of taking, selling, publishing, exhibiting, and circulating the pictures of Igorots, Negritos, and other non-Christian Filipinos has been a powerful engine of misrepresentation, a deadly instrument in the hands of those who wish to make it appear before the American people that we are utterly unfit to manage our own affairs." There is no doubt that the vivid appeal to the eye which these pictures make goes far to put out of mind the fact, told only in the cold language of statistics, that the naked tribes form only a small fraction of the population of the archipelago.

If Rome is as wise as her years ought to have made her, she will not plan the celebration of her two thousand six hundred and sixty-seventh birthday without finding out how St. Louis is going to mark her one hundred and fiftieth. For St. Louis, being much nearer the beginning of celebrations than the Eternal City, has a fresh stock of ideas, and also enthusiasm. "Into the melting pot of this great civic drama," we read, "will go all sections, all factions, all divisions, and all special interests. Out of it will come, well moulded, a great civic spirit that will galvanize us into aggressive boosters for St. Louis." We do not say that there is a hint here for the prisoner of the Vatican or his fellow-ruler in the Quirinal, but if they seized the celebration in Rome in order to have a melting pot of their own, out of which might come a great civic spirit that would galvanize them into aggressive boosters for Rome, would not the Missouri city give them generous applause? It is no small thing to have "all the world sitting up and taking notice of you"—as Rome herself was once the best of witnesses.

At the time the English Unionists were holding their great meeting in Hyde Park, to protest against the "coercion" of Ulster, there was a large gathering of laboring men in Trafalgar Square. They, too, had their addresses and harangues, and it is rather amusing to find the Tory newspapers describing the proceedings as a "defiance of law and order," and the speeches made as "seditious." Yet the labor leaders simply applied to their own purposes the good Unionist doctrine of the Army. The teaching of the Ulster crisis, affirmed Mr. Grayson, was that "the workers could arm themselves, and, better still, that the officer and the private soldier could refuse to shoot." In Ireland, asserted Mr. Lansbury, the officers had mutinied, and all that the labor cause wanted was that "Tommy Atkins should do likewise." This is horrifying to the Conservatives, but what difference does it make whether the language is uttered by Bonar Law and Lord Hugh Cecil, or by labor agitators? On the main question of the duty of the Army to support the civil power, the "general orders" under which the troops acted in Ireland when the Unionists were in power and Mr. Balfour, as Irish Secretary, was sternly putting down Nationalist disturbances, have lately been reprinted. In addition to requiring the military to be at the service of the Government in suppressing riot and disorder, they specifically prescribed that troops might be used to "oppose armed insurrection," and to "disperse treasonable meetings." That was sound policy in Connaught in 1891, but is unconscionable tyranny in Ulster in 1914.

A Cabinet headed by Count Okuma was the logical way out of the *impasse* created by the fall of the Yamamoto Ministry and the inability either of Conservatives or Radicals to rally a majority in the Diet. Count Okuma occupies a middle position, and though his progressive followers are not the strongest faction in Parliament, his personal prestige is such as to promise a fairly long tenure of office for the new Ministry. The new Premier is seventy-six, and his career as administrator dates back to the very beginning of the modern régime in Japan. His advanced ideas brought him repeatedly into conflict with the members of the Elder Statesmen group; but with the disappearance of the latter and the rise of a democratic spirit inimical to so many of the traditions of the older Japan, Count Okuma, as a man seasoned by experience and old age, may well appear welcome to the conservative elements as a defence against the threatening forces of radicalism. Yet the postponement of the issue of representative government cannot be for long. As the veterans of the Meiji pass from the stage, the centre of parliamentary government must shift from a personal to a party basis.

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THE CHANGED MEXICAN POLICY.

"Impatience on our part would be childish, and would be fraught with every risk of wrong and folly. We can afford to exercise the self-restraint of a really great nation which realizes its own strength and scorns to misuse it." "We shall triumph as Mexico's friends sooner than we could triumph as her enemies—and how much more handsomely, with how much higher and finer satisfactions of conscience and of honor!"

These words from President Wilson's special message to Congress last August, on the Mexican trouble, are just as true to-day as they were then. If our Government is to depart from their spirit now, it will cause not only disappointment but surprise. What has happened to break down the President's long forbearance? It would seem that he had borne the big grievances of thirteen months, resolute against war, only in the end to lose patience over a very little one. For it is clear that, if the Administration had chosen so to represent it, the Tampico incident would have appeared a negligible trifle. A mistake had been made in arresting American bluejackets, but it had been promptly disavowed and an apology for it offered. And even if the President considered it necessary to back up the demand of Admiral Mayo for a salute, this was virtually granted. There was some characteristic fencing by the Mexican Government over the details, but the final offer of Huerta was to fire the salute as demanded by us, with a return salute to the Mexican flag to be made by us as agreed, on the sole condition that the undertaking on both sides be reduced to writing and signed in the form of a protocol. This last President Wilson refused. It is said that he feared it would mean formal recognition of Huerta. But it is difficult to see how it could be more of a recognition than is involved in sending him diplomatic notes. In any case, the final result is that, in consequence of this seeking to divide a hair 'twixt north and northwest side, Congress has been asked to authorize measures of war against Mexico!

In Mr. Wilson's message to Congress on Monday he disclaimed all intent of anything like a war of revenge or of conquest. He appealed for authority to use the armed forces of the United States, but denied that real war was intended. Nor did he fail to assert the benevolent motives of this Government, which, he declared, was still desirous of leaving the Mexicans free to work out their own destinies. But the crucial thing, the pitiful thing, would be that war should be begun on a mere punctilio, after all these months of resisting the pressure and clamor for war on the score of really serious provocation.

In standing for peace, as he has done through this period, President Wilson has made secure what even he could not now shatter at a stroke, if he were so foolish as to try. He has shown that the people are ready to follow a strong leader who is against war. Aside from a few small interested groups, there is in this country no desire for war with Mexico. This is due in good part to the firm attitude taken by President Taft and, after him, by President Wilson. Their patient but resolved course kept the war-spirit in restraint. What a calamity now to loose it unnecessarily! Yet it is reassuring to note that there is nowhere any enthusiasm for the threatened war. Most of the people one meets, most of the newspapers, seem a bit ashamed that things have come to such a pass that the powerful United States should be setting out to chastise puny Mexico. There certainly can be no glory in that, and there may be much misery. It will be said, of course, that we are merely embarking upon a holiday punitive expedition. But sensible men know that the sword once grasped is not easily dropped; and that when the guns begin firing, it is harder and harder for the voice of reason to make itself heard.

As we write, no irrevocable decision has been made. Every one of right feeling will hope to the last moment that some way may be found of averting a war that could not help seeming unworthy and degrading, and in which few of us could see any warranting principle or inspiring cause. A paltry war is the most horrible of all. It necessarily produces those forced and cheap and disgusting exhibitions of "patriotism" which we are now beginning to see—diners in restaurants, not one of whom could be dragged into the field, rising to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner," with other displays as tawdry. There will doubtless be others, like the Yale students, to think of war as a grand frolic. And the pity of it is that such words of truth and soberness as ex-President Taft addressed to the New Haven collegians on Sunday will have no chance of a hearing, if war comes. Yet what Mr. Taft said is verity itself. War means not only the sacrifice of life and treasure; it means the piling up of taxes, with their burden crushing those least able to bear it; it means peculation and dishonesty and fraud, with the brutalizing and corrupting of the whole conduct of public affairs; above all, it means the subordinating of every other public question, and the indefinite postponement, or entire sweeping away, of all programmes of civic betterment and social reform. That nothing of this lies in President Wilson's purpose is conceded; but he must know, and if he does not he will speedily ascertain, that a real war with Mexico would make his Inaugural, with all of its moving words about the need of broad policies of legislation in behalf of the victims of political and social injustice, so much waste paper.

WORKING OF THE OREGON SYSTEM.

Friends and opponents of direct legislation agree that it is too soon to attempt anything like final conclusions regarding its working, even in the State where it has been tried most extensively. But it is not unprofitable to take a look at the experiment from time to time, and scan its progress. Oregon has had the initiative and referendum since 1902, direct primaries since 1904, and the recall of elective officers, including judges, virtually direct election of Senators, and constitutional authority for proportional representation and the preferential ballot since 1908. Only Portland has availed herself of this last provision. During the dozen years since the initiative and referendum were adopted, 107 measures have been submitted to the voters, of which 47 have been accepted and 60 rejected. These have been of all degrees of importance, from a proposal to transfer the custody of county prisoners from the county court to the sheriff, which was accepted, and one requiring railways to carry State and county officials free, which was rejected, to woman's suffrage, which, after three defeats, was adopted, abolition of the State Senate, and exemption of all improvements, tools, livestock, and furniture from tax-

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ation—a single tax measure in disguise—which were defeated.

One of the first things that strike one who examines the table of votes on measures submitted to the people is the percentage of the vote for officials that was cast upon initiative and referendum proposals. Upon every occasion except one, submission of such measures has been made at regular elections. Only twice has the percentage of the vote for officials that was cast for or against the measures submitted fallen below 70, and then it was above 65. In the great majority of cases, it has been between 80 and 90. On three measures more persons voted than voted for officials, these three being proposals submitted in 1910 to regulate or prohibit the sale of liquor. In comparison with New York's recent fiasco of an election to decide whether or not to hold a constitutional convention, these figures are most creditable to the Oregon voter's sense of duty. Even in the one special election of last year, the vote upon the five not tremendously important measures submitted was 75 per cent. of the average vote for President and other officials in 1912. Yet a proposal to require a majority of all electors voting, in order to carry a measure, was rejected by a two-thirds vote in 1912, over 80 per cent. of the voters who marked ballots for officials expressing themselves upon this revolutionary issue. This odd manifestation of political psychology is probably to be explained upon the ground that the proposal was felt to be an attack upon the system of direct legislation.

In general, the results of the vote upon the 107 measures which have been submitted are creditable to the citizenship of Oregon. It is interesting to note that the two proposals to increase the pay of officials were rejected by votes of three and five to one, and that there has been a marked tendency to reject proposals involving taxation, even to the extent of refusing permanent support to two of the three struggling State normal schools. On the other hand, the single tax system has been defeated under every guise in which it has presented itself, except in an act giving counties the power to adopt it, which was carried by a very small majority. But these are just the results which would be expected of a community which, if not rural, is not urban either. Oregon has but one city of over 15,000 inhabitants, and its unincorporated or rural territory contains two-fifths of its people. If a community so composed is not fairly conservative, where should we look for one? It would not be possible to draw any inferences whatever from these results, applicable to a community like our own—not if direct legislation had been prevailing in Oregon for decades.

Yet there have been one or two experiences in connection with the Oregon system that cannot be dismissed so easily. The details that we have presented have been drawn from an article by Richard W. Montague in the *National Municipal Review*. Mr. Montague is in sympathy with the system of direct legislation, but is unable to say much for direct primaries as they have worked in Oregon. Why this piece of the machinery should have failed, is difficult to discover. But its failure emphasizes the impossibility of generalizing at present about the working of direct government. A more serious matter is Mr. Montague's "negative evidence" upon the effect of the recall of judges. Two attempts have been made in Oregon to recall judges of the Circuit Court. Both occurred "under circumstances that writers on the subject of judicial recall have pointed to as constituting the greatest dangers to the independence of the judiciary, and consequently to free institutions; namely, an unpopular decision or the appearance of taking an unpopular position by the judge, on an issue in which the public has a lively interest, and a strong and unscrupulous party or faction ready to urge its cause against the judge." In the two instances mentioned, the promoters of the recall were unable to obtain the necessary number of signatures to set the recall machinery in motion, and Mr. Montague infers that "so far as the evidence is in, it is perfectly safe to trust a normal American electorate" with this weapon. The test of the recall of judges, of course, comes, not when the voters are willing to accept an unpopular decision, but when they are not willing to accept it, and a single instance of the latter sort may easily outweigh in its consequences ninety-nine of the former. It is this sinister possibility that makes one hesitate to give up a system which, with all its faults, has proved its ability to stand heavy strain.

THE MONOTONY OF THE MACHINE.

The issue between the labor unions and the advocates of "scientific management" resolves itself just as frequently into a human problem as into an economic problem. This point has been well brought out by the rival views on scientific management which have been discussed the past few days before the Industrial Relations Commission. The objections brought forward by the representatives of labor were of two kinds: fears lest "efficiency" mean only a speeding-up process of which the pecuniary advantages would fall only in small part to the worker; and resentment at the reduction of the worker to a standardized, smoothly-functioning, unquestioning, and, by implication, unhuman machine. It is this phase of the problem which appeals most closely to the theoretical friends of labor. The grinding monotony of industrialism against which Ruskin lashed out so violently is at present very much to the front. The argument is familiar enough. As contrasted with the purposive and free play of intelligence in the old handicraft worker, as contrasted with the purposiveness which the business man and professional man of to-day still find in a succession of tasks, each complete in itself, the factory worker, under division of labor, is the victim of a weary and endless process, with the wage, and not the work, as the only aim in view.

It would be absurd to deny that a very fair measure of truth obtains in such pictures of the monotony of the machine. But it is just as plain that a vast deal of exaggerated psychologizing and sociologizing has piled up about the subject. There are two conflicting lines of argument which Socialist critics of the present system are in the habit of advancing, often simultaneously. One is the older argument which foresees revolution as produced by the increasing misery and degradation of the working classes. The other is the new argument which foresees revolution as produced by a working class advancing in physical welfare, in knowledge, and in organization, in consciousness of and confidence in their own strength. The humanitarian writer who cries out against the monotony of modern industrial life

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belongs to the earlier school of thought. The theory of the steady degradation of the working class was developed by the early Socialist thinkers on *a priori* grounds. Because the facts to-day contradict them a revised philosophy has become necessary. The critic of modern industrialism, on the whole, clings to the old *a priori* methods of reasoning. Here is the grinding, whirring rush of the factory, with its unvarying, monotonous routine, its infinitesimal division of tasks, its total lack of the creative instinct of the artist; can there be any doubt that the life of the factory worker is more depressing than it ever has been?

To which the answer is that it isn't so. The newer Socialist contention is conclusive on the point. If it be true that the worker is growing in self-consciousness, in resourcefulness, in the sentiment of class solidarity, it must be pretty plain that the machine is not exercising a brutalizing effect on the worker. Even the distinction which critics of the present system are beginning to draw between the so-called aristocracy of labor and the great mass of unskilled or semi-skilled labor, fixing our attention entirely on the factory in its most discouraging aspects, as its fruits have shown themselves at Lawrence or at Paterson, only forces us to conclude that this growing capacity of the mill-hand, not merely to feel unrest, but to express his unrest, is a sign of growing intellectual power and freedom which, far from suppressing, the factory has brought into being. The phenomenon, so universally recognized, of the growing tension of urban life offers proof in the same direction. What is it that draws the masses from the country to the cities, if not the greater facilities of human communication, the wider opportunities of pleasure, of spiritual excitement and growth—even if growth sometimes in the wrong direction—which the factory and the tenement offer?

The fallacy is a double one. It consists, on the one hand, in exaggerating the stress of modern industrial life, by leaving out of account the steady shortening of the hours of labor and the steady increase of opportunity for development that a shorter workday affords. It consists, on the other hand, in exaggerating the happy conditions under which the vast mass of humanity carried on its toil in pre-industrial days—the old fallacy of the Golden Age, somewhere back in the past. The classic picture, of course, is of the mediæval handicraftsman taking joy in creating beautiful, entire, wholesome things. But the mediæval world was not made up of cathedral builders singing hymns in stone and mortar. (Recent skeptics have pointed out some very wretched jerry-building in the mediæval cathedrals.) For the great mass, life was one of crushing, brutalizing toil in which it would be difficult to find a higher purposiveness or a higher joyfulness than in the textile-works or rolling-mills of to-day. Monotonous enough life must be in the garment shops of New York. But the New York factory girl, as she revealed herself during the garment strikes of recent years, alert, confident, capable of leadership, is certainly no witness to a debasing, colorless existence.

PRISONERS AND GOOD ROADS.

The twentieth century was well under way before we awoke to the advantages, not to say the necessity, of well-made highways; then, rather suddenly, we were struck with a double condition: the poor management of the roads was paralleled by the poor management of the men who, for their offences against the law, were confined in prison. This two-fold waste was too much for our sense of efficiency. The idea of curing, or at least alleviating, a pair of evils at a stroke captured the practical imagination, and, enforced by the sentimentality that the practical mind is always glad to welcome when it appears as an ally and not as a foe, gave the nation more and better roads than it had ever built before.

We do not say that this is exactly what history will record, but the connection between prisoners and good roads, and roads and good prisoners, is increasingly emphasized by persons interested in the one or the other, or both. Gov. Glynn has recently signed a bill appropriating $75,000 for the addition of a brick-making plant to the resources of the State Reformatory at Elmira, N. Y. First let the prisoners make the bricks for the roads; then why should they not lay them? State convicts have never been put to work on highways in New York, but a few counties have tried the experiment, notably Onondaga, the county in which Syracuse is situated. One such piece of work, carried on for three months, employed about thirty-five men. They were sheltered in a farmhouse which they themselves repaired, to make it habitable, and half a dozen of them did the housework, the cooking, and the laundry work. The guards were for supervision rather than discipline. Over a hundred different prisoners were employed in the work, but no attempt at escape occurred. The prisoners continued in good health, and were willing to work, although they were inexperienced and received no pay. So encouraging were the results that the county supervisors repeated the experiment the next year on a larger scale.

Those who are informed on this subject like to point to Rome, the great road-builder, and remind us that those wonderful highways were built by slaves. But this proves rather too much, and, besides, we are accumulating a fund of knowledge based upon our own conditions. The last number of the Proceedings of the Academy of Political Science is devoted to the employment of convict labor on road construction in the Northern States. The record is almost uniformly favorable to such employment. From New Mexico, newest of States, but oldest in adopting the "honor system" and working prisoners on public highways in accordance with it, to New Jersey, whose first trial of convict labor on roads was made last December, the testimony is well-nigh unvarying that the combination is good for both the roads and the prisoners. Only Utah seems to have had an actual failure with the "honor system," and the solitariness of this exception suggests that the blame for it lies with the administration of the system rather than with the system itself. Everywhere else the reports are that the prisoners who are placed on their honor voluntarily are scrupulous about observing their pledge. In Colorado, during four years, less than 1 per cent. of the convicts concerned broke faith. In Oregon, after the recapture of an escaped prisoner at Gov. West's personal expense, the other prisoners asked to be allowed to pay all costs out of their "bonus money," on the ground that their untrustworthy comrade had "double-crossed" them by throwing suspicion on the

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system and on all the prisoners. There have been no wholesale attempts at escape whatever.

How efficient are prisoners as road-workers? The exact ratio of their efficiency to that of free laborers is not very important, since other considerations control here, such as the willingness of organized labor to allow convicts to do this sort of work, the desirability of providing occupation for them, and the sad condition of our roads. But it is interesting to note that while in some cases they are reported as less efficient than free labor, being unskilled, in at least one State, Washington, they are credited with being a third more efficient, owing, not to compulsion, but to fear of being taken back to the penitentiary. The possibility of development for the more intelligent is also pointed out in the opportunities for blacksmith, mason, carpenter, and other work connected with road and bridge building. The relation of such opportunities to subsequent employment is evident. One matter is insisted upon: the prisoners should be paid. The folly of keeping a man idle while his family depends upon charity, public or private, is apparent. Both economic and moral reasons urge paying him wages. He does his work better when he is paid, and, like the free laborer, he reaps the reward of self-respect. Road work, as it happens, shows large net earnings by prisoners, who can thus help in the support of their needy families, while the balance to the prisoner's credit on the prison book acts as a check upon the temptation to lapse into evil ways.

THE SURGICAL CONGRESS.

Our country has borne an honorable share in the development of modern surgery, and it is matter of special satisfaction that the two men to whom, by virtue of their offical position, it fell to greet the delegates to the Fourth Congress of the International Surgical Association were so eminently representative of distinguished achievement. Surgeon-General Gorgas, who extended a welcome on behalf of the President of the United States, has won imperishable fame by his work in converting the Panama Canal Zone from one of the most pestiferous into one of the most healthful spots in the world; and Dr. William J. Mayo, who welcomed the visitors as president of the American Surgical Association, has a unique distinction in having elevated an isolated hospital in a small Minnesota town to the rank of one of the world's most famous institutes of surgery. An additional element of national satisfaction was supplied in the address of Professor Depage, of Brussels, president of the Congress, who not only made reference to the excellence of American surgery, and to the prompt helpfulness of the American Red Cross in such an emergency as that of the Balkan War, but paid a tribute to our country as personifying throughout the world the "ideas of peace and civilization" of whose ultimate triumph he declared that the International Surgical Association feels confident.

To the members of the Congress, the matters of chief interest are, of course, the latest developments in surgery, including those whose status is still problematical. But to the outside world, such a gathering as this may well serve rather as a reminder of the wonderful progress that has already been fully realized. To the younger generation, it may be startling to be reminded that antiseptic surgery, in the modern sense, is barely half a century old, Lister having begun his researches only in 1860; and the science of bacteriology, now of such enormous extent and manifold usefulness, was, as recently as thirty or thirty-five years ago, pursued by only a handful of men as a novel specialty. Much more recent still, of course, are the Röntgen rays, with all the aid they supply to the knowledge of individual cases; and even the electric light, which is laid under contribution for the exploration of interior organs, is a mechanical development of the last few decades. But these are only a few salient elements in surgical progress which strike the attention of even the most remote and superficial observer; how vast has been the accumulation of knowledge and skill through the special labors of hundreds of gifted and devoted men, we get but a faint inkling in the record of this or that wonderful operation which in former times would have been utterly impossible.

One effect, of direct practical importance, ought to be produced by the contemplation of this magnificent progress, not only of surgery, but of medical and sanitary science generally. When one tries to realize its immense sweep, the way it has silently entered into the lives of millions, averting or conquering disease and staying the hand of death, one can but stand amazed at the pitiful want of imagination which alone can account for the misguided efforts of men and women, presumably normal and well-meaning, who, in the name of humanitarianism, seek to put obstacles in the way of the laborers in this field. They rush in with their half-knowledge, filled with a senseless readiness to find wicked unscrupulousness or heartlessness in men whose lives are spent in the endeavor to diminish our sufferings and eliminate the perils that beset us.

With the desire of these people to prevent wanton cruelty, or to reduce to a minimum the sufferings of animals used as subjects of medical research, every right-minded person must sympathize. But in the pursuit of these objects they exhibit not only a lamentable want of the sense of proportion, but also a hopeless inability to weigh evidence. As a rule, they refuse to admit that any important benefits have been gained by experiments upon animals; and they are able to pick up here and there an expression of some medical authority on their side, which they put up against the virtually unanimous judgment of the whole world of science. And when they find themselves compelled to abandon this position, they take refuge in silence on this subject, and devote themselves to selecting, magnifying, and coloring with all the sensational epithets at their command whatever in the records of medical research has an appearance of sustaining their general indictment of heartless and wanton cruelty. Neither the high character and lofty aim of the men who carry on these researches, nor their assurances that everything is done to reduce pain to a minimum, nor any contemplation of the physical agony and the spiritual anguish spared to countless thousands of human beings by the discoveries arising from their labors, suffices for a moment to stay the hand or the pen of the one-ideaed anti-vivisectionist.

In contrast with the blind and narrow sentimentalism which inspires this kind of attack, the work that is being done by

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the great army of the world's physicians and surgeons, and the researches that are being carried on by medical investigators the world over, strike one with a sense of grandeur and nobility. We take these things nowadays as a matter of course; we accept their fruits, and give little thought to the labors by which they are attained. But no one who has been in contact with the men who are in the van of this great work can fail to be struck with the fact that in them the strenuousness and ardor of the scientist is mated with the devotion and humaneness of the lover of mankind. Along with the elevation of medicine and surgery to that high scientific plane which they now occupy has gone not a brutalization of the profession, but a more general prevalence of a high and broad humanity among its members. The sawboneses of whom we read in "Pickwick" were never, of course, representative of the profession, but there was a greater admixture of that sort of thing among medical students of past generations than it is easy for people of to-day to believe. The higher intellectual qualifications, and the more strenuous intellectual exertion, that the present-day standards of medicine demand, have without question weeded out, in a very great measure, not only the more ignorant, but the more callous and the more coarse-grained candidates for a medical career.

SHAKESPEARE AT THE SPRINGTIME.

For those who are celebrating to-day the Shakespearean anniversary, the place and date of his birth may easily appear to have peculiar significance. Born at Stratford three hundred and fifty years ago, the poet came into the world "in the sweet o' the year." No one who has passed that season in a lovely English hamlet like Stratford can quite forget the experience; and the reawakenings which spring must have brought in boyhood to the sensitive spirit of Shakespeare may well have provided a permanent outlook on nature. Theorizing and the record of his works lead to the same conclusion. The out-of-doors furnishes a large portion of his settings, which he not infrequently enlarges upon in the dialogue, and by preference he turned to its glorified scenes. There was, of course, a particular reason for seeing, through the eyes of Lear, only the rough and the rugged; just as he was bound to surround the idyllic Perdita with Nature's store of beauty. But when not specially prescribed, the natural background of his plays often suggests something of the elation which he himself may have felt in the airy freedom of Stratford. Even when serving the purpose of elaborate banter, the setting is not allowed to lose its poetry:

The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents
Where Cressid lay that night.

And the poet's sincerity in the line:

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

is only heightened by the simplicity.

It is not enough to say that Shakespeare fell in with a custom of his day in scattering sunlight in the paths of his characters. There is ample evidence to prove that he looked at the scenes about him with a glowing appreciation of their beauty. His peering daffodils, and "violets dim"

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath;
His glorious mornings that
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye;
His little
dive-dapper peering through a wave
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;

attest both the observant eye and the exultant heart. Whether we think of Shakespeare's Nature as being largely at the springtime or shortly thereafter, as one is apt to do, or as divided among the seasons, it offers a freshness and joy such as he himself could observe at Stratford in "proud-pied April."

If the theory of the effect of environment upon a writer had not been overworked, we should be tempted to say that Shakespeare's out-of-doors was responsible for his dramatic atmosphere. The buoyancy of his sparkling comedies is really typical, though in less degree, of his entire work. Even the sombre "Lear" scarcely furnishes an exception to the rule. We have only to compare it in this respect to certain tragedies of Ibsen to observe the different points of view of the two men. While winds rage and thunders crash, in the famous scene on the heath, there is never the shut-in feeling which is imposed by "Ghosts" or "Rosmersholm." The air will some time clear, if not for Lear, at least for the kingdom. There is breadth and sweep which catch up the protagonist and make him a part, but only a part, of Nature's convulsions; the wretched victim in "Ghosts" is suffocated, along with the audience, by the narrowing and concentration of natural forces. For the nonce it is as though Nature existed merely to teach this awful lesson.

Partly, the difference noted is due no doubt to the newer requirements of the stage. The great number of scenes which Shakespeare could use help to give variety and large dimensions to his world. But this is not the whole story. Shakespeare stands out in almost as marked contrast to his contemporaries. Even so impressive a drama as "The Duchess of Malfi" introduces, along with other horrors, a "dance of eight madmen," not for sensational purposes, but to thicken and intensify the tragedy. The atmosphere, as might be expected, here becomes murky. Murky Shakespeare's atmosphere never is. A comparison of Marlowe's "Edward II" and Shakespeare's "Richard II," which have leading characters fundamentally similar, brings out the same point. Both Edward and Richard live in a world of their own imagining, being unfitted by temperament to attack the problems of the actual world. One is surrounded by the atmosphere of his two or three pitiable faults, made monotonous by repetition; Richard, equally beset, builds an imaginative world that is as airy and diverse as it is impractical.

Shakespeare saw life *naturally*, if by that is meant that the spirit of the out-of-doors is allowed to get in-doors. If his characters show a certain enlargement, they partake of the same idealization which his Nature undergoes. The spring of life is never quite absent from them, whatever may be their age. They are caught at the high tide of existence, when the blood is urgent and impulses are generous, for good or evil. Sometimes they are as precisely drawn as his little dive-dapper, and usually they have, like his "violets dim," divine aspirations.

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Foreign Correspondence

A PHILOSOPHER ON THE HUSTINGS—MR. BALFOUR AND MR. BONAR LAW—SENATOR LODGE'S REPRIMANDS.

LONDON, April 11.

The dramatic surprises of the last few weeks have schooled people to believe almost anything, but it was hard not to think that Mr. Balfour's appearance on a Hyde Park platform must be an optical illusion. Or was it possible that Mrs. Thurston's fiction of John Chilcote was plagiarized by fact?

Never before has any English statesman of Prime Ministerial rank condescended to enter the arena of Hyde Park. Mr. Balfour is one of the last men who might have been expected to establish the precedent. What would his uncle have thought if he had lived to hear of it? This escapade might have been much more easily credited even to Lord Rosebery, who at the period of his chairmanship of the London County Council showed considerable democratic sympathies. Gladstone might have done such a thing, for one of the most notable incidents in his career was an address at an immense open-air demonstration at Greenwich. But as to Arthur James Balfour, one might even have doubted whether he was aware that Hyde Park was ever used for the purpose of a public meeting. At the time that his 1902 Education Bill was under discussion, some reference was made in the House to an enthusiastic popular rally—held, of course, on the usual ground—in protest against it. Mr. Balfour, turning to his colleagues on the Treasury Bench, remarked, with his well-known air of polite bewilderment, "Let me see, where did this gathering take place?" The rumor that he had to ask a policeman his way to the park is an obvious invention, for Rotten Row during the season cannot have been a strange place to him.

At any rate, the spectacle of Mr. Balfour holding forth to a Hyde Park throng from the elevation of a wagon was more curious than any scene that has lately been presented on the stage. Little wonder that the sight of his deprecatory and academic figure in such surroundings made some observers think of an aristocrat on a tumbril during the French Revolution, or that others compared the sensation to that of a bank holiday crowd invited to listen to a classical concert.

Liberals find it difficult to judge whether it would be more to the interest of the present Government for Bonar Law to continue in the Opposition leadership, or for it to go back into the hands of Arthur Balfour. Bonar Law helps his opponents by his reckless plunges. He has no consistent policy, but is the victim of any rash impulse that promises some immediate advantage at the expense of the other side. The situation was correctly hit off by Augustine Birrell, in explaining why the Government had not suffered more grievously from its own mistakes: "We never dig a pit for ourselves but Bonar Law steps into it." More than once the present Unionist leader has had to withdraw within a few days or even hours from a position confidently but thoughtlessly taken up in the excitement of debate.

The flaw in Mr. Balfour's leadership was of a very different kind. He is immune against spasms. No sensational turn in the course of events can disturb his equanimity. But he is no less seriously handicapped by an astonishing inability to diagnose popular feeling. The débâcle of his party at the general election of January, 1906, was largely due to his refusal to recognize the opposition that had been aroused by the Chinese labor policy in South Africa. Even without this his Government would have been defeated, but it was the storm of indignation at this phase of his administration that turned the defeat into a rout. Evidences of popular antagonism were visible everywhere to the naked eye, but Mr. Balfour was all the time serenely unconscious that he had offended public sentiment in the matter. Mr. Balfour's daimon again failed to warn him how the country was likely to take the rejection of the 1909 budget by the Lords. He was not ostensibly a member of the die-hard group, but he did not interpose his authority to check the passionate counsels of the extremists. No other living statesman has the record of having led his party to defeat in three general elections in succession, and that Mr. Balfour has suffered this humiliation is to be attributed in no small degree to his astonishing blindness to the signs of the times.

But he learns nothing and forgets nothing. He appears to be quite unaware that the normal English attitude to Home Rule is at all different to-day from what it was when he went to the Chief Secretary's office in Dublin in 1887. In his speeches against the present Home Rule bill he has assumed in the English constituencies the same state of mind to which he appealed a quarter of a century ago.

Students of the natural history of fossil remains have found a good deal to interest them lately in Senator Lodge's "One Hundred Years of Peace." It is not often possible to dig up a deposit which retains so perfectly the very atmosphere of a hundred years before. Perhaps the best-informed and most careful of the many English reviews of the book was that contributed by H. S. Perris to the *Daily Chronicle*. He wonders for what audience the book was intended. If for Americans it will hardly please the more balanced and scholarly, who expect something more than robust partisanship in historical work. If for Englishmen, the Senator has mistaken his audience, for they will either smile or will resent being lectured by an American politician for the sins of themselves and their fathers during these hundred years under the guise of an historical retrospect. Mr. Perris points out in detail several of Mr. Lodge's sins of omission and commission, and concludes with the wholesome remark that it is equally unpleasing to witness the British lion roaring and lashing his tail and to hear the American eagle screaming and flapping his wings. "The time has gone by," he suggests, "for statesmen to invoke these noises and grimaces of the Zoo. The world's peace must be made and kept by saner methods and more constructive toil."

H. W. H.

THE "FRENCH LEAGUE"—A MOVEMENT TOWARDS UNITY.

PARIS, April 11.

A movement was begun in Paris in the last days of March which may—and which may not—succeed in uniting the sorely divided French people, at least in those things which are necessary to their existence as a nation. It is really non-political, and its leaders are trying to keep it non-partisan; but it cannot help having an influence on the general elections of Sunday, April 26, which will seat in Parliament for four years the Deputies who rule the French republic.

The interest which such a movement has for Americans consists in the universally recognized high character of the Frenchmen who are organizing it. While it aims at a united France and includes representative men who are not politicians from dozens of varying political groups, it has no coöperation, so far, from the Extreme Radicals, who, with the help of Socialists, now hold the Government of the republic. No sane prophet will risk his reputation by predicting the result of the coming elections; but no matter what Government is in power, the "French League," which embodies the movement, will maintain its essential work. It concludes its appeal for union with weighty words:

> This is a momentous hour. A conflict between European Powers is, to say the least, possible; and its chief danger will be for France. Yet our political and religious discords are being exasperated and the disquiet of many all but reaches despair.
>
> The French League will abstain from all political or religious dispute, and will ignore all that divides. It will bring into light and force the feeling which, notwithstanding dissensions unavoidable in a free state, unites us in the love of our country.
>
> It wishes to persuade the French nation that France, united in patriotic faith, has nothing to fear from whomsoever. It will preach confidence and hope.

Words like these are not unexpected from the new League's presidents of honor—Prof. Ernest Lavisse and Gen. Pau. They are well authorized by their life and career to represent the two great non-political forces of France, the university and the army. Ernest Lavisse in the eighties and nineties was the one leader of the university youth of France. A "new spirit" of concord was timidly proclaimed by Minister Spuller, the friend of Gambetta, in Parliament in 1892; but it expired in the angry explosions of the Dreyfus affair and the religious war which was made to issue from it. For fifteen years, majority rule in the French republic has meant the nagging of the minority—and of a minority which, if it had been united, might have been the majority at perhaps all of the general elections.

The Extreme Radical and Socialist Deputies, who have formed the ruling majority in Parliament, have not once been elected by more than 47 per cent. of

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the voting population of the country. The 20 to 25 per cent. of the voters who persist in not going to the polls would, for the most part, not have voted for them. It is these "abstentionists" and the incurable divisions of the minority which have made the victory of cleverer politicians possible. And this may happen again now, unless the sense of impending danger to France as a nation should prove strong enough to prevent politicians from seizing once more on the government of the republic for their own private and party interests.

To an American there is no obvious reason why French Radicals, even, should not uphold the patriot rather than the politician. It is understood that Socialists enter Parliament to help on their cause; and more than once they have bargained with Conservatives. If they have been supporting Radical Governments, it is because it is easier to push them towards Socialist legislation.

Professor Lavisse and many other members of the new League were notorious Radicals once. If they are joining with equally notorious Conservatives now, it must be because they believe the time has come for Frenchmen to stop fighting among themselves and to stand all together against the common danger from without. Paul Déroulède, who was so long berated as a patriot Don Quixote, has died just before this rally to his stirring hymn:

Fight for your Mother if you love her!

No one can suspect Ernest Lavisse of anti-Pacifism; and yet sitting with him as president of the French League is Gen. Pau, who did so much to get the three years' military service and increase of armaments through the French Parliament. Among the vice-presidents are another general, an admiral, and a bishop; a Moderate Republican Senator and a Deputy, Joseph Reinach, who did chief work for the exoneration of Dreyfus. Among significant names in the committee are those of men like the Greek scholar Maurice Croiset, the successor of Renan as administrator of the Collège de France; Louis Havet, who in the Dreyfus affair was a founder of the League of the Rights of Man and, as professor of the Collège de France, led the opposition to bestowing a professorship in that national college on Brunetière, because the latter was a Catholic; Maurice Barrès, who leads the French youth of to-day in the national reaction; Lépine, Prefect of the Paris police through many Radical administrations, and Adolphe Carnot, brother of the President of the Republic, who was assassinated by an Anarchist and one of the first to call a halt in government of the republic for the majority instead of for the whole people.

There are nine members of the French Academy, among whom, besides Lavisse and Barrès, there are such world-wide representatives of French literature as Pierre Loti, Frédéric Masson, Alfred Mézières, Marcel Prévost, Henry de Regnier, Jean Richepin, Edmond Rostand. There are world-famous men of science like Arsonval; Branly, of wireless telegraphy; Daniel Berthelot and Jean Becquerel—and fifty more with a right to say to the world that France shall be one. S. D.

Education in the South.

JOINT SESSION OF CONFERENCE FOR EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH AND SOUTHERN EDUCATION ASSOCIATION — LOUISVILLE KY., APRIL 7-11.

At the Conference in Louisville large chapters of progress were recorded for the Southern States. It was a conference of a variety of interests; a national mind brooded over it, and it was reinforced by great governmental agencies. It showed economic and social changes in the making. With an estimated attendance of 2,500, not more than half were engaged directly in school work, the others included business men, preachers, men and women from the farm and from every walk of life, with a common patriotic interest of building up the rural life of the South.

The Conference opened with a memorial service to its notable founder, Robert C. Ogden. The address was delivered by United States Commissioner of Education P. P. Claxton. He reviewed the history of the Conference from the time when two or three were gathered together, seeking to unite North and South in the great educational task at hand, to the present magnificent gathering, with its splendid achievements. Dr. Claxton showed that in ten years' time illiteracy in the Southern States had been reduced more than one-half. The conception of education had broadened from the ideal of the three R's and a little high-school work to include the agricultural high school, the consolidated rural school ministering to the needs of country life, and a system of supervision and industrial training which reaches directly the homes and farms of the people. He pointed out that a radical change of spirit had taken place in the South with regard to education. The schools were no longer looked on as a necessary evil savoring of reconstruction days and carpet-bag rule, but the people believed in them and were beginning to support them properly. The figures from eight Southern States showed an increase in the past year of funds raised by local taxation of more than one and a half million dollars. He declared that the change of attitude and growth of education in the South during the past decade was the most marvellous educational progress the world has ever seen.

It was universally conceded that the most eloquent address delivered at the Conference was the exhibit at the armory. Here were gathered none of the ordinary odds and ends of school work, but actual scenes and demonstrations of work going on. From the fireside industries of "our contemporary ancestors" of the mountains, displayed by Berea College, to the moving pictures of the boys' and girls' corn and tomato clubs, shown by the Department of Agriculture, a panorama of social and economic changes was displayed that made vivid a wonderful period of Southern history.

A water tank and gasolene engine, with complete equipment for supplying the country home with running water at an absurdly low cost, was the contribution of President Joe Cook, of the Hattiesburg Normal School, Mississippi. This was not theory, but practice. The farm home displayed by Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S. C., Miss Mary E. Frayser in charge, was also a centre of attraction. The dining- and living-rooms were furnished simply and tastefully. In the kitchen and laundry were running water and every convenience for the saving of steps and lessening of labor. The washboard had been banished and was replaced by a washing-machine. And the tables were supplied with rollers to do away with the heavy lifting of dishes between dining-room and kitchen. Outside the kitchen window was a beautiful row of red geraniums, and a schedule showed a workable plan for each day's round of duties, and provided time for rest, reading, and social recreation. The effect of this exhibit might be judged by the significant remarks of all that visited it. One farmer was heard to say: "I am going to spend $150 on my wife's kitchen when I get home."

Next was a practical demonstration of cooking, and a busy crowd gathered to hear the explanation of the teachers in charge. Further on were exhibits showing the eradication of hookworm and the busy field work of the agents of the Sanitary Commission. Adjoining this was splendidly portrayed the day's work of a rural nurse, while near the entrance was a demonstration of the parcel post in operation, revealing how various kinds of produce from the farm might be cheaply and easily marketed by mail in near-by cities. This was in charge of the local post office.

The conference was notable for the splendid group meetings. At every turn one found a small company of earnest men and women tugging away at the special problem in which they were interested. Prominent among these were the conference of rural school supervisors, the conference on the country church, the women's conferences, and the conference on the education of the negro. At noon these groups would come together to listen to addresses by such eminent men as Dr. Warren H. Wilson on the "Country Church," Dr. A. D. Wilson, of the University of Minnesota, on "Coöperation," and Mr. Bradford Knapp on "Farm Demonstration Work."

The meeting of rural school supervisors was called by Dr. Claxton, rep-

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resentatives of thirty-seven States being present. The informal discussions revealed an astonishing similarity of conditions in all parts of the country. No State, North, East, South, or West, seems to have a monopoly of bad roads and poor country schools, when one goes far enough from the railway. Encouraging progress is reported from all sections. The consolidated rural school has come to stay, and, moreover, this school is going to be so adjusted to the needs of the people in its community that it will be a clearing house of rural progress for young and old. It was pointed out by several that a city school of the traditional type set down in the country had done more harm than good, for it had weakened the neighborhood by sending off its strongest young people.

Valuable discussions on improving rural schools through standardization, consolidation, supervision, practical industrial training, and community activities were engaged in by all present. This group perfected an organization and elected Mr. J. H. Binford, of Virginia, president; Mr. W. E. Larson, of Wisconsin, vice-president, and Mr. L. S. Ivins, of Ohio, secretary.

Led by Dr. James H. Dillard, agent of the Jeanes and Slater Funds, as president, a very earnest group of county superintendents, State supervisors of rural schools, representative negro leaders, and interested men and women, listened to encouraging reports of the colored schools in all sections of the South. Supt. J. H. Culkin, of Warren County, Miss., told a striking story of the organization of boys' and girls' clubs among the negro schools. Warren County now has more than 2,500 negroes in these clubs. No girl is permitted to attend the county school unless she has at least five products growing in her garden. The boys are graded according to ages, and each must cultivate a stipulated amount of land, and the products grown must be such as will bring a substantial return. No boy or girl may remain in school unless this work is kept up, and every teacher is required to give at least fifteen minutes a day to the club work. As a result, there are in Warren County more than 20,000 acres of land under cultivation by demonstration methods by negroes who are club members.

Any one who has followed these conferences for the past four years, at Jacksonville in 1911, Nashville 1912, Richmond 1913, and Louisville in 1914, cannot fail to be impressed with the enormous change of sentiment and the growing determination on the part of the white people of the South to give their negro neighbors a better training for the life that they must live among them.

JACKSON DAVIS.

Country Life.

ON THE LAND.

The ingenuous reader may have found himself rather confused than enlightened by casual contact with the abundant farm-and-garden literature of the past few years. He has a vague notion that everything to do with the soil is somehow all of a piece, all one problem which ought to have an "answer"; yet the current miscellany of data and opinions, scientific theories and genial sentiments, connected with the land does not make the answer easier to formulate. The latest amiable chronicle of a David Grayson and the latest report of a state experiment station do not hang together notably well. The "back-to-the-land" theme is developed very differently in the sumptuous pages of the *Country Gentleman* and the honest, unromantic columns of the *Rural New Yorker*.

The truth is, all this writing is not about one thing, but about a number of perfectly distinct things. "Country life" is not farming, nor is pottering about in a suburban vegetable garden. As for going back to the land, that is a step which a large number of people now delight to take—in fancy; and it is undoubtedly as well for most of them that the experience should remain vicarious—not because it is not the finest thing in the world for a man to do, but because it is a very difficult thing to do successfully; and the hopeful amateur is not likely to bring to his new acres the whole equipment necessary to wring both bliss and a living out of them. It is an extremely varied equipment, involving health, brains, industry, patience, and capital. And not the least of these is capital. You may buy your fifty abandoned acres for a song, but you cannot sing them into shape. Your investment has only begun. You must have stock, machines, fertilizers (some of them cost $60 a ton)—above all, labor. To put your fifty acres in commission, to get them into a condition of high "efficiency" (sacred word), will mean spending, say, thirty to fifty dollars an acre. Are you prepared to do this, oh, my brother?

For some of these necessaries, it is true, you can get credit, but that is a poor way to begin for the amateur who has the professional game to learn. Crops do fail, or, succeeding, prove a drug in the market. The latter fact is among the bitterest disillusionings of the tyro. Diseases and vermin pests one is ready for; labor and forethought will take care of them. Even against frost and drought something may be done; they are in a way calculable, and a legitimate part of the game. But the market! Reader, did you ever look over an orchard heavy with peaches, or an acre of tomatoes in their prime, or a potato-field holding its dark green pride half through August, and realize that these gifts of a bountiful season are duplicated in your neighbor's fields over the wall, and over a thousand walls beyond; that the market is about to be glutted with perfection; and that your crops, twice as good as usual, it may be, will not fetch a dollar more than usual? This is one quaintness of the local market. Another is that it is never safe from sudden incursions by distant enterprise. Six weeks of drought in June and July: the potato crop is poor hereabouts. You, with a field that knows how to hold its moisure, with liberal use of the most expensive fertilizers, with a clean but costly defeat of the potato-bug to your credit, with incessant cultivating, achieve a remarkable yield. In September potatoes are selling at a dollar a bushel, but you don't care to unload many at that price. They will bring a dollar and a half later. You store your thousand bushels, at some expense—and just as you are ready to part with them, along in March, at a fancy price, some genius sends down a thousand carloads of perfect tubers that have wintered in Maine—and you find your little crop worth half what it was in the autumn.

It is unsafe for the beginner to go back to the land without a fair amount of capital to start him on his way and tide him over the bad moments. One factor in successful farming, perhaps the most indispensable of all, "help," is not to be obtained on credit. The man who gives you his ten or twelve hours of daily labor (in contrast with the fifteen or eighteen of the old-fashioned hired man, who is no more) must have his thirty or forty dollars a month, and must have it on time, or he will yield to his natural preference for "moving on." And he or his equivalent is indispensable. No man, whether he works extensively or intensively, can get a decent living for himself and his family out of the land with his two hands.

"But, my dear sir, I've grown all our garden stuff for years—winter vegetables and all. Right out back. Done every stroke myself. Just fun for me." It is the voice of the suburban gardener, and it tells (perhaps) the truth. Here is one incontestable fact: any man of ordinary health and brains can grow his own vegetables in his own backyard, and save a hundred or two a year, at the expense of his grocer—it is a pity we haven't the word greengrocer in America. He must do his own work, and if he is that kind of man he will find it "just fun." If he is not that kind of man, he had better let it alone. If you don't love making things grow, you may as well yield the grocer his 100 per cent. profit, and keep your hands

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clean. You will either turn your garden over to a hireling and make a luxury of it, or neglect it, or make your paltry profit at undue cost. There is no more miserable spectacle to a true lover of the soil than a man who hates it and does not know enough to let it alone.

But a great many people do have the instinct for making things grow. For them there is nothing to lose and much to gain in the vegetable garden. They are sure of their pleasure, and their profit, too. They are on the safe and sunny approach to the back-to-the-land trail. All they invest is their odd half-hours, all they make is "velvet." No wonder more and more people are learning to give the instinct play, as is attested by the increasing number of periodicals and handbooks addressed to home-gardeners as a class. This literature, like that of the flower-garden, is of two sorts, the sentimental and the practical. There are writers who are so intent upon conveying their deep emotion at the marvel of the new-born bean that they neglect to convey anything else about it. I have before me an amusing product of the intoxication which may be induced by contact with back-yard soil.* Each of the writer's somewhat infantile bits of instruction as to the planting and care of common vegetables is enlivened by a dash of verse, or worse. The literary note is struck in the motto of the title-page:

> 'Twas Byron who said
> "The ladies inspired the Muse."
> But to vegetables I'm wed,
> And dame nature choose.

This is the second-best poem in the book; quite the best is the quatrain inscribed to the lima bean. It is what Blake might have written if he had ever noticed a lima bean:

> This bean so shy,
> Under sunny sky,
> Loves the salt air,
> Cool nights and fair.

Unluckily this seems to have been a fluke: the average of quality of these lyrics is more fairly suggested by

> We have Irish tubers and sweet,
> With river and valley Burbank,
> And raise more things to eat
> Than any State of our rank.

Or, in a more philosophical vein,

> Work with the hands is physical, work with the brain divine.
> As we are animals in the likeness of God,
> We should labor with our hands and mind.

Here, on the other hand,† is a book of the practical type. It is a compact but workmanlike and serviceable handbook, without graces of style, but readable, and with some good pictures. An uncommon feature is the listing of the best varieties to be planted in the home garden; this should be of use to a great many amateurs who, for lack of experience, have not known how to find their way to the most desirable seeds among the hundreds so enthusiastically commended in the catalogues.

With the aid of such handbooks, free soil-analysis by the State, the best fertilizers and methods of cultivation, and a liking for work, the home gardener is sure of his reward. But let him beware of drawing a wrong inference from his success. Half his profit as a home-gardener is, as it were, negative. His basket of vegetables is worth a dollar to him because that is what he would have to pay the greengrocer for it. But he must eat his basketful to get his fine returns; and there is a limit to that sort of thing, even in the largest and greediest family of vegetarians. Every basketful beyond what he eats (unless he takes to peddling) must yield the dealer his 100 per cent. or more. A successful truck-farm must be very near its market, and involves a system of wholesale growing and retail marketing. With plenty of capital and exceptional skill and intelligence the thing can be made to pay; but it is neither here nor there in connection with the fifty worn-out and abandoned acres in Nowhere-in-particular which may stand for the lure of our hopeful commuter. Before he throws up his city job and chestily installs himself in his abandoned farmhouse, on his own land, he should look himself coldly in the eye and ask himself these questions: Has this man enough thousands in store to back him in this new career? Can he pay for the initial repairs (repairs is the euphemistic term) on the farmhouse; for the tools, stock, vehicles, machines, fertilizers, labor, which are needed to put these acres in commission? Does he know what he is going to grow, and where he is going to sell it, and whether, when he has sold it, he will be richer or poorer?

Some of these questions the author of "That Farm"* could have answered to his satisfaction, at the outset. Mr. Whittingham has written, or caused to be written, an instructive and often amusing account of his successful experience as a back-to-the-lander. The exhibit has little bearing upon the average case; for, in the first place, Mr. Whittingham has plenty of capital, in the second place he edged cautiously into the game instead of taking a sudden plunge, and in the third place he is evidently a man who could make a comfortable living selling shoelaces in Tahiti. He is the Yankee of fable, touchingly American, with a vein of sentiment which flows freely, out of business hours, and a strong sense of the whimsical, the clock around. He has a mission; listen to the call in the closing paragraph of his delightful book:

> When the music of the metropolis begins to grate on you, city brother, and the glittering lights of the Avenue look like signals in a tunnel, do not think that hope has been scuttled, nor that life is a joke or a tragedy. Come where the sunshine will bleach despondency and cynicism out of your heart — come through the open gateway of That Farm into the promised land.

When Mr. Whittingham approached the gateway of That Farm, he had an income of some $30,000 as head of a "going" dry-goods business, and "a bit laid by." He had been interested in the theory of farming, but his first taking to the land was by way of settling "the annual annoyance of solving the summer problem." He found a 400-acre farm, with a dwelling house which had cost $50,000, and numerous tenant houses, barns, and outbuildings, including a mill. The owner was in difficulties, and after leasing the place for a year Mr. Whittingham pared down the "asking price" of $50,000 to some $20,000 and certain worthless securities. He gives a record of his first four years on the place. The first year, under an overseer system, the profit was small—only a few hundred. Taking over the management himself and applying his business energy and sense to the problem, the owner quickly increased the returns, his net profits for the fourth year being over $22,000. This was done by sparing no necessary outlay and permitting no waste, by doing a retail delivery business in milk and garden truck, by paying good wages and commissions to his head men, and by personal supervision and attention to detail such as would be necessary in any other industry. He supplants the local milk monopoly by establishing a more generous monopoly of his own. It is all a fight, and a fight to be enjoyed by a man who is accustomed to win. Incidentally, he improves the standards of farming in his neighborhood, and shares his good fortune wherever he can within his margin of profit. In short, he has been able not only to pick up a $100,000 farm for a fifth of its value, but to "swing" his purchase. We wonder if he really fancies that many of his brothers who are tired of the music of the metropolis and the lights of the avenue could have done anything like the same thing? He has made a fascinating story of it, at all events: his Harum-like sketches of local types and incidents are worth having for their own sake.

A book such as Mr. Whittingham, with his demand for the best methods, might have consulted in remodelling his farm building, is "Farm Structures,"

*_The Garden Patch._ By Edward DuBois Flint. New York: John Lane Co. 50 cents net.

†_The Home Vegetable Garden._ By Adolph Kruhm. New York: Orange Judd Co. $1 net.

*_That Farm:_ Recounting the Adventure of a Dry-Goods Merchant Who Went Back to the Land. By Harrison Whittingham. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.20 net.

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by a professional "agricultural engineer."* This is a work of severely technical sort, covering the whole ground of building material, methods of construction, heating, ventilating, and water supply, chiefly with reference to farming on a large scale. Such books are of greater importance to the man who is thinking of going back to the land than libraries of sentiment. If he is worthy of the life at all, he is bound to get more out of it than a living: but his first business is to make sure that he does not get less. H. W. BOYNTON.

*Farm Structures. By E. K. J. T. Ekblaw. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

COUNTRY HOMES AND GARDENS.

A LITTLE book on gardening that combines a good many merits is "The Commuter's Garden" (Crowell; $1 net), edited by W. B. Hayward. It is attractive as to page and binding, entertaining and sound in style, and it contains a large amount of information that will not mislead. Designed altogether for the beginner and the perplexed soul who has not so much as begun, in about a score of brief chapters it touches upon the main questions that are sure to beset the novice, questions relative to Planning the Garden, Your Lawn and its Care, Annuals for the Garden, How to Handle Bulbs, Vines that are Useful, The Gentle Art of Pruning. The concluding chapter, On Keeping a Cow, contains excellent advice. In general, the author confines himself to the simplest facts—which is the easier for him since he has the "dependable" views of the "old-fashioned gardener"—and avoids the danger of making his book a hybrid between a statement of first principles and a thorough gardening encyclopædia. The animated style in which it is written and which is seen at its best perhaps in the chapter on Useful Garden Tools, distinguishes it pleasantly from many other books of its kind. The sixteen full-page half-tone illustrations are excellent.

A LESS attractive and more compendious book is Tarkington Baker's "Yard and Garden" (Bobbs-Merrill; $1.50 net), which has been issued in a revised edition. The paper is of a somewhat dismal gray that mars all the abundant illustrations and renders some of them worthless. The chapters, covering about the same ground as those of the foregoing book, contain explicit and unadorned information in considerable quantity, and there are very useful planting tables in the appendix which give the height, color, cultural suggestions, etc., of a number of bulbs and annuals.

"THE Back Yard Farmer" (Chicago: Forbes & Co.; $1), by J. Willard Bolte, is composed of a mass of miscellaneous information, not so much for the gardener as for the person who keeps a cow and a horse and rabbits and bees and chickens. Owing to this extensive aim, no part receives as much attention as it deserves, and the book often surprises both by its inclusions and its exclusions. It is most detailed in its chapters on vegetables.

A BOOK full of garden wisdom, set down in a strong, simple style, is "Everyman's Garden Every Week," by Charles A. Selden (Dodd, Mead; $1.25). One need not be surprised at the style, for Mr. Selden is an editor during the daytime, and, we presume, a farmer only before breakfast and after dinner. He bought a small farm a few years ago; and he has no reason to be ashamed of the flavor of State and Government agricultural bulletins that is detectable here and there in his book, for study of these bulletins, combined with considerable enthusiasm and the help of a good hired man, made that farm a success and left Mr. Selden bursting with useful information. The most interesting thing about this book, the chapters of which were originally published in the *Country Gentleman*, is the arrangement. Save for a few introductory chapters and a few closing ones, each chapter confines itself to one week of the gardening season, the weeks being taken chronologically. At the end is a brief calendar of suggestions month by month, and at the outset a clear table of contents. Two chapters touch on flowers, and one on making good lawns; but the others have to do with vegetable gardens—that includes the art and science of canning vegetables against the winter. There is an interesting chapter on raising mushrooms. While Mr. Selden's work is packed with interesting and valuable information, and is provided with a good index to make that information accessible, it is obviously not intended to give a cyclopædic answer to every question that may enter the puzzled horticulturist's mind. Rather, it belongs to the realm of good reading. It is the sort of book that George H. Ellwanger used to write, a book so delightfully and withal so earnestly done that it makes the reader share much of the enthusiasm of the writer—and of Michaelangelo Frieri, the hired man.

FOURTEEN years ago Prof. Liberty H. Bailey wrote the preface to the original "Cyclopædia of American Horticulture." It was a monumental work in a field where there had been an almost absolute blank, and it was intended to give a comprehensive view of the status of North American horticulture as it was at the close of the nineteenth century. Several editions have been printed since that time, but the changes have consisted largely of the correction of errors. The work has now been expanded from four volumes to six, of which the first has just appeared (Macmillan; $6), and Professor Bailey declares that it should be regarded as a distinct work, so great has been the extent of the revision. The first casual inspection reveals that many full-page pictures, including a number of colored plates, have been added, and the number of drawings has been doubled; all of which is a decided improvement over the old equipment. A synopsis of the plant kingdom (78 pages), a key to the families and genera (69 pages), a glossary giving the English meanings of Latin names, and the usual glossary of botanical terms are other additions.

IN the body of the work, the articles of specialists have been revised or rewritten to keep up with the advance in horticulture and horticultural knowledge. The already excellent cultural advice has been still further improved; and many practical class-articles—on subjects such as Evergreens, Formal Gardening, Japanese Gardens, and Tree-Moving—have been added. Of course, no one who knows anything at all about the literature of gardening needs to be told that the Cyclopædia is unique so far as this country is concerned. It is the Bible and the Britannica of the garden-folk, amateur and professional alike. And the remarkable thing is that, while it is fundamentally a work of reference, full of paralyzing Latin names and botanical descriptions, it also contains limitless quantities of good reading of the sort dear to the heart of the garden enthusiast.

THE interpretation of the rather cryptic title of Frances Duncan's "My Garden Doctor" (Doubleday, Page; $1 net), is that gardening is a cure for nervous prostration. Two women, one of whom is ill, the other a nurse, retire to an old farmhouse on the side of a New Hampshire mountain, and live near to Nature. They also live next to a poetizing painter person. The cure, the departure for town, and the realization that the painter is necessary to existence all come together. It is rather a mountain idyll than a gardening handbook, pleasant in style and excellent reading. To real garden-lovers, such passages as this will give joy:

> "Cutworms," she said—"cutworms; bit the stems right off."
> "But what can you do for them?"
> "Cuss," responded Mrs. Tarbox, briefly. "That's what folks does mostly."

ONE of an extended series of concise and useful manuals, each of which aims to tell the builder of a country home how to render that home both a thing of beauty and a practical success, is "Making a Garden of Small Fruits," by F. F. Rockwell (McBride, Nast; 50 cents net). The author gives detailed instructions as to the planting, cultivating, pruning, and spraying of the cane fruits, bush fruits, strawberries, and grapes. One chapter treats of the culture of dwarf and trained fruits with remarks on the respective merits of each. There are two valuable tables, one giving a list of fruits that the home garden should furnish, with details as to the distance necessary between the plants, the number it is wise to set out, the varieties, and the price of each. The second table covers the subject of spraying fruits of trees as well as the small varieties, and in its completeness of detail and its concise form may prove a pocket guide to victory over the legion of insects and diseases that make the amateur fruit-grower's life a burden.

THE value of "Educational School Gardening and Handwork," by G. W. S. Brewer (Cambridge: University Press), lies chiefly in the spirit in which its author approaches his subject. Not the immediate making of well-kept gardens, but the ultimate making of well-rounded men and women is the result desired from the training that he advocates. A

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line quoted at the opening of chapter iii is the keynote of the author's purpose: "In the 'I made this' or 'I made that' is the making of 'I.'" The reader cannot but appreciate the good fortune of the English youngsters who were the garden pupils of so excellent a teacher. There is much of value in this unpretentious little English handbook for those who have to do with garden craft in American public schools.

FARMING AND RURAL LIFE.

HOW to increase our harvests so as to meet the needs of our rapidly growing population is the problem discussed in "Intensive Farming" (Outing Publishing Co.; 70 cents net), by L. C. Corbett. The book itself is an example of its own theories, inasmuch as in a space of but little over one hundred small pages of large type it tells a great deal about vegetable and fruit growing in general, and also much about forced special crops. In intensive writing the author covers the raising for market of onions, celery, fruits (small and large), citrus fruits, the breeding of plants, the growing of seeds, nursery growing, irrigation, the breeding of thoroughbred animals, the economics of intensive industries, and the cropping system as a unit. The material is presented entirely from the commercial and economic standpoint, and includes some interesting, even remarkable, sets of figures relative to investments and returns; also several "labor charts" whose object is to show "that if it were possible to have labor charts for each of the standard crops grown in any crop zone it would be possible to take into consideration, in making up a crop rotation, not only the returns from the crop in forage and grain, the benefit to be derived from the maintenance of soil fertility, but also the economic features of crop production bearing upon the labor supply. The labor problem on the farm involves the economical distribution of labor, and as such becomes a vital factor in the crop rotation. Crop rotation assumes a new aspect when labor distribution is added to crop returns and the maintenance of production. The ideal farm system is one which permits the economic use of a constant labor supply, and until such a system is worked out the labor problem of the farm will continue to exist."

A THOROUGH study of available agricultural dressings, including animal manures, is found in Prof. Homer J. Wheeler's "Manures and Fertilizers" (Macmillan: Rural Text-Book Series), a new volume designed for agricultural high schools and colleges. Its interest is scientific rather than practical and popular. Facts about fertilizers, always based on chemical analysis, are freely given, but their special action must be inferred. The subjects of dressings for special crops, home mixing, green manuring, and methods of curing barnyard manure, are almost entirely omitted. For these reasons the book will not take the place of Voorhees's "Fertilizers" as a popular handbook; it will, however, prove valuable for the class-room and for reference. Some excellent features are the studies of the agricultural value of seaweeds, and of lime in many forms. The introduction of calcium nitrate and calcium cyanamid, noted in these columns some four years ago, is here shown to be proceeding rapidly, though all the difficulties of manufacture and handling are not yet overcome. Such fertilizers, electrically made from the nitrogen of the air, relieve us of the prophesied danger of a nitrogen famine.

IN the same series, "The Corn Crops," by E. C. Montgomery, is a similarly scientific study of maize in its various forms. This book will prove more generally useful than the preceding in giving directions for the preparation of the land and for the cultivating and harvesting of the crop. Sweet corn, so often ignored in treatises on corn, has here its proper place. Yet the amateur will discover that the live interest of corn culture has somehow slipped away in Prof. Montgomery's handling of the subject, even Jerry Moore, the Southern boy, with his wonderful acre of corn, achieving but a place in a statistical table.

ON the other hand, "Farm Arithmetic," by Profs. C. W. Burkett and K. D. Swartzel (Orange Judd Company), is a book ingeniously planned to introduce to country children many facts of farm life which the ordinary arithmetic ignores in favor of theoretical study. The general intention of this book is to make arithmetic a living instead of a dead subject, not only by bringing it near to every-day experience, but also by making that experience itself more vital. The illustrations, often remotely connected with mathematics, are cleverly chosen to stimulate interest. The more important subjects of study are plant and animal feeding, profits from crops and animal husbandry, the cost of labor and building, and the benefits of good roads, drainage, spraying, and farm improvements. The problems are arranged to bring out the advantage of scientific planning based on knowledge of facts. Only the chapter on Farm Accounting seems slight and inadequate. Modern farm accounting (for a good system see the Massachusetts Crop Report for August, 1913), with its careful classification and close study of every department of expense, is the proper climax to such a book as this, and much more of the pupil's attention should be directed to it. Apart from this evident lack, which we hope to see remedied in a future edition, few recent textbooks seem better planned to make for a country child the dry facts of farming not merely less repellent, but even attractive.

AT the outset of her book, "Pigeon Raising" (Outing Publishing Co.), Miss Alice MacLeod shows that a real fondness for the birds and an interest in the welfare of each one is essential to success in the raising of squab. In the first chapter there is warning against inadequate housing, poor situation, and inferior stock. Then follow simple and clear-cut rules, the observance of which should insure many hatches and healthy birds. A diagram is given of the model pigeon establishment, with directions how to build it and the nests. The book also names the best breeds for mating, if market birds are desired, and tells which are most satisfactory for improving the stock. The method of feeding that is most likely to promote the health of the flock and its breeding is carefully explained. The writer finds preparing and marketing comparatively simple matters, and tells how a good trade may be acquired and kept by proper methods of killing and shipping. For one who is seriously interested in pigeon raising as a business, the concise advice in Miss MacLeod's book will be of practical value.

IN the introduction to his book, "Practical Tree Repair" (McBride, Nast; $2 net), which he describes as "a pioneer in its field," Mr. Elbert Peets states explicitly that the volume deals "with one division of the science of arboriculture. It is devoted entirely to the prevention and repair of physical injuries to the framework of the tree." To the unscientific reader whose knowledge of arboriculture is limited to "Woodman, spare," 250-odd pages devoted entirely to the theme mentioned may not sound attractive, but the fact is that "Practical Tree Repair" has not a dull page in it, even for the layman. It is a "conservation" propaganda worth reading and heeding. The tree's structure and manner of growth, its wounds and their treatment, the value and function of filling trees, and many other matters are clearly discussed. The author has also some straightforward criticisms on so-called "tree-surgery" and "tree surgeons," and with equal frankness does not hesitate to name the manufacturers of products that he has tested and found valuable.

A TIMELY treatise on the problem of rural recreation written by an authority whose expert knowledge and practical training have made him master of the subject is "Play and Recreation for the Open Country," by Henry S. Curtis (Ginn & Co.; $1.16 net). There are suggestions as to ways and means of recreation in the home, the rural school, and the country community. The last five chapters deal especially with the subject of the rural social centre. The book should be helpful to mothers and teachers in farm districts, and also to the public-spirited members of rural communities who are working through the grange or the church, or through extension classes or farmers' institutes, to raise the social standard of their locality. An unfortunate dulness of treatment is the one marring feature.

EDUCATIONAL SCHOOL GARDENING.

ONE of the chief reasons for the economic pressure during the last few years is the fact that between 1899 and 1909 agricultural production in the United States increased only 10 per cent., while the population increased 21 per cent., that the yield of wheat increased 3.8 per cent., of orchard fruits 1.8 per cent., and the production of corn decreased 4.3 per cent. In view of this, it is interesting to find Dr. Eggleston, president of the Virginia Agricultural College, and Mr. Robert Bruère, of the University of Chicago, in their joint book, "Work of the Rural School"

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Harper; $1), giving the present high cost of necessities as the reason why the public is turning to rural schools as the most important instrument to-day in the control of the food supply.

THE book deals with the essential subjects of buildings, sanitation, centralization of schools, transportation, plans of instruction, amusements, and agriculture. The great need for development in our rural communities is forcibly pointed out, and it is made plain that "the only effective way in which the rapidly growing science of cultivation, farm management, and marketing can be brought to bear upon agriculture is through the public schools." When the crudeness of inherited agricultural methods and the lack of knowledge among farmers are taken into consideration, the opportunities of the rural school-teacher seem momentous indeed; for too often the task of proper preparation for effective citizenship is shifted from the home to the school, leaving the teacher to inculcate the gospel of better farming and the economic value of efficient production.

SEVERAL cases are cited where the rural school maintains a farm as an object-lesson for the surrounding community, and where new methods of ploughing, planting, and cultivating have been introduced. These experiments in due course have encouraged project work at home, and with instructive results. One boy kept twenty-six chickens, using modern methods, and in six months showed his astonished father a net profit of $27. Another lad insisted upon feeding his father's cows with a balanced ration from November to June; and, by keeping strict account, found that the best cow netted a profit of $54, and the poorest a loss of $2.39, much to the amazement of the incredulous parent. Still another boy, becoming ambitious after his experience in the school garden, raised tomatoes, celery, and cabbage plants in a hot-bed frame, and at the end of the season was able to show his father a net profit of $35. In this comprehensive and constructive book various phases of the building-up, not only of the rural school, but of the rural community at large, are set forth in discriminating fashion.

C. A. STEBBINS'S book on the "Principles of Agriculture through the School and Home Garden" (Macmillan; $1) is adapted for use in the country or in the larger centres of population, and for children from eleven to fifteen years of age. Many older children, however, whether in school or out, will find much of interest and enlightenment in this little volume, which covers a wide range of subjects, including the beautifying of school grounds, agricultural clubs, convenient rural homes, public health, seeds and stock, etc. Each chapter closes with a list of pertinent questions and exercises, bringing out the value of what has gone before.

FOR scholars who have gone through the earlier grades in our rural schools "Soils and Crops," by T. F. Hunt and C. W. Burkett (Orange Judd Co., $1.50), will be found well fitted to prepare them for the agricultural college courses, or for practical work at home on the farm. The authors are well-known writers on agricultural subjects, and this book is interesting and useful. The lessons, forty eight in number, carry the student from the food requirements of plants through various important steps to the kind of crops suited to various climatic conditions. At the end of every three chapters a number of practical examples are given, from which the teacher may select at discretion.

COUNTRY ARCHITECTURE.

"BUILDING by a Builder" (Doubleday, Page; $1.20 net), by Mr. Benjamin A. Howes, a well-known constructing engineer and consultant, is a work that will appeal to a very wide audience; for its author speaks with the authority given by broad experience and without a trace of bias in relation to matters that must interest all who are concerned with building operations, whether as owners of dwellings small or large, or as responsible members of building committees. The book is addressed primarily to the owner and deals largely with problems which he, or she, alone can meet; but the honest builder will be glad to have the public made acquainted with the pitfalls that beset him, and the architect will surely be grateful for the sympathetic picture given of the difficulties he is compelled to overcome. The author also does good service to owners, as well as to architects, by calling attention in detail to the misleading means adopted by manufacturers of special building materials to push their wares into use by the small investor who can ill afford the loss inevitably resulting from inferiority of construction. He makes clear the differences between sound and unsound methods, and deals seriously with the conditions which at times make the "unburnable house" a profitable and at other times an unprofitable investment. Apart from the expression of some rather optimistic views as to methods of "floor heating," the author seems to suggest no modes of construction that are not proved to be of value by long experience.

THE Park Department of a city that makes unlimited appropriations will find "The Practical Book of Garden Architecture" (Lippincott; $5 net), by Mrs. Phebe Westcott Humphreys, much more practical than will the individual owner. The writer explains that her preparation for the authorship of the volume was obtained in college and in investigating the estates of other people. And there is an easy-going optimism about lakes for gardens and outdoor swimming pools for the ordinary, every-day sort of place in the country that suggests that Mrs. Humphreys has not supplemented that early training by maintaining a country place of her own. Everything is on the grand scale. The backstop of the tennis court is a combination tea-room and pergola with Florentine pottery. To give the proper touch to the wild or woods garden a yoke of oxen, attached to an old-fashioned cart, are recommended as almost essential. The oxen are shown in one of the illustrations of the book flanked by an ornate urn, no doubt imported. Bird houses become elaborate, and the dear old contraption of boards that every boy used to build in the apple tree after reading his "Swiss Family Robinson" is now a two-story structure, with almost everything in it except a ballroom, according to this recent "practical guide." Yet it is an attractive book, thanks very largely to the hundred or more good photographs taken by the author's "husband-chum."

Books and Men

LITERARY FISTICUFFS.

"From Samuel Johnson to George Bernard Shaw literary England has had a kindness for the pugilist."

The sentence is from Clement K. Shorter's new life of Borrow, "George Borrow and His Circle." The author goes on to say that Borrow carried his enthusiasm further than any, and that no account of him which concentrates attention upon his accomplishment as a distributer of Bibles and ignores his delight in fisticuffs has any grasp of the real man who wrote "Lavengro." "Indeed, it may be said . . . that Borrow entered upon Bible distribution in the spirit of a pugilist rather than that of an evangelist."

Borrow's father was a fighter, and insisted that in open combat he beat the champion of the day, "Big Ben Brain." One of his son's semi-fictitious books declares that the old man died with Brain's name on his lips. Borrow himself pretends to have put on the gloves with John Thurtell, the notorious murderer of Weare. And finally, of course, there are his accounts of his own fights with the Flaming Tinman and with Petulengro.

The battle with the Tinman is sometimes called the greatest fist-fight in English literature. I have heard it recommended as such, and I have just reread it to see if my first opinion had changed. It still seems a rather tame affair. Borrow admitted that his opponent half put himself out by hitting the tree, and this takes a good deal of spirit out of the fight. The presence of Isopel Berners does much to redeem the chapter, however—just as the presence of a woman at another fight, about which I am going to speak, added piquancy to the scene in the ring.

Bernard Shaw's contribution to the literature of pugilism is "Cashel Byron's Profession." If it were not for the plays it would seldom be read to-day—perhaps it would never have been republished. That would have been a loss, for it is an entertaining story, though we see the pugilist mostly "in citizen's clothes." Some of his friends sent it to Stevenson when he was at

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Saranac in 1887 or 1888. "It is all mad, mad and deliriously delightful," he writes. And again: "It is *horrid fun.* All I ask is more of it. Thank you for the pleasure you gave us, and tell me more of the inimitable author. (I say, Archer, my God, what women!)"

Meredith's excursion into the "noble art" occurs in "The Amazing Marriage." Sir Conan Doyle has written one readable book, "Rodney Stone," and a number of short stories, including an excellent one called "The Croxley Master," all dealing with the ring. Fights in the schoolboy books are numerous, but they do not count as stories of pugilism. Jack London has "The Abysmal Brute," and he touches upon the subject in other books. There are also, to be sure, the histories of real battles—Henry Downes Miles's "Pugilistica" and the volumes of "Boxiana" and "Fistiana." These are but chronicles, the dry bones from which living literature might be made. They are comparable with the "Newgate Calendar," a work, by the way, which Borrow said taught him to write genuine English.

If I were bound for that mysterious desert island whose inhabitant is always restricted to one book, and if that one, for some reason, had to contain a prize-fight, I would leave all these, and plump for "The Virgin in Judgment," by Eden Phillpotts. There may be better fights than that fought in the bull-ring of Sheepstor by David Bowden and Bartley Crocker. It would be a pleasure to know about them. This one has all the elements which make such an encounter of absorbing interest.

The requirements are, first, that the reader should have some knowledge about, and regard for, both the principals; and, secondly, that it should be a real Marquis of Queensberry affair—not a mere wayside rough-and-tumble. The latter may be amusing, as a score of novelists have proved, but unless very brief they put too great a strain upon our credulity. The average man, after he has passed his twelfth year, does not engage in casual fights that rise above the level of a passing "scrap." Almost the only realistic description of such an encounter, one that shows how ridiculous two gentlemen may look when they resort to blows, unexpectedly, is in a novel by Anthony Hope—either "Tristram of Blent" or "Quisante."

The fight in Mr. Phillpotts's novel lives up to the requirements. David and Bartley are the chief male characters of the book. One is slow, solemn, dependable; the other quicker and wittier, a better friend to others than to himself. They are excellent foils, without being artificially contrasted. Bartley has seriously offended David Bowden in a number of ways—and at last, under circumstances of considerable temptation, by kissing Rhoda Bowden, his sister. She is the virgin who sits in judgment, not only by acting as David's second during the fight, but at a later period and in more serious events. Her temperament, which is of a polar frigidity, makes common humanity incomprehensible to her, and brings about the final tragedy of the novel.

These are the principals, and the cause of the fight. Both the men are, of course, amateurs, but they are a pair of vigorous young Devonshire men, and they go into training and practice for a number of weeks. The fight is held with a most scrupulous regard for all the rules of the prize ring, for it is under the charge, not only of the local publican, an ex-pugilist, but also of his friend and visitor, "Frosty-face Fogo."

Mr. Fogo, a real personage, flits through other novels than this. He was the "Poet-Laureet of the Prize Ring," and was at every English ring-side half a century ago—for the time of the novel is the 1860's. He assumes command of the battle, and it is due to his satanic cunning that the clergyman of the parish and the police are balked in their attempt to break up the fight. He attends church on the preceding Sunday and hears the vicar announce his determination to save the village from disgrace. During the sermon the vicar gives his hearers a picture of a prize-fight, for it appears that he had witnessed one in his degenerate Oxford days.

"One of the unhappy creatures who marred God's own image on that occasion was called Peter Crawley and known to his friends by the vulgar sobriquet of 'Young Rump Steak,'" said the clergyman, glaring at the congregation as though daring them to smile. Mr. Fogo nodded: he remembered the fight. But he announces to the vicar that he has been won over. Such burning words he has not heard since he "sat under a bishop in St. Paul's." He has seen a light; he will betray the rascals to the forces of law and order. So, early on the morning of the great day, he leads the clergyman and the constable to a distant part of the moor, to watch a veritable ring, staked out and roped off, and to await the coming of the combatants and the spectators at eleven o'clock. Then he slips back to the village, and there, at nine o'clock, "on this winter morning, one of the last authenticated prize-fights ever fought in England was duly conducted with all right ritual, pomp, and circumstance, under direction of that high priest and poet of the P. R., 'Frosty-face' Fogo."

All of which is very wrong and lamentable, making capital reading, as you have found—or may find—by looking at the story.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

Poetry

"LE BYRON DE NOS JOURS."

Thine was the gift, Apollo—or the curse—
Of dream too golden for this greenback age.
So—meant like Milton or the Tuscan sage
To map anew for men God's universe—
He balks—ah, pity!—at the empty purse,
And stoops his talent to the times' sure wage:
Gushes erotic slime; slops o'er the stage:
Rhymes *belles* and *Jezebels*—God knows which worse;
Or on a spavined Pegasus of prose—
As mealy-mouthed as good Sir Hudibras's—
Tilts at sex-bogies; or his trumpet blows,
Astolfo-like, to bleed the monied classes;
Or else, uncased, in gentler, uplift pose,
Indites eugenic sermons for the masses.
Apollo, thine the ass is.
Oh, call unto thyself thy braying tribe,
Or decommercialize again the scribe!

JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER.

News for Bibliophiles.

EARLY AMERICAN PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

An article printed in this column about a year ago (Vol. XCVI, p. 201) discussed several early American theatres, particularly those of Charleston. Since writing that article I have found some interesting data concerning the Charleston theatres in contemporary local newspapers. Limitations of space prevent the publication here of all this material, but it may be worth while to reprint some prologues and epilogues specially written for the Charleston performances. These poems deserve recognition in view of the claim made for the prologues to "The Merchant of Venice," spoken at Williamsburg in 1752, as "the first composition written for and addressed to an American audience that was preserved" (Seilhamer, "History of the American Theatre," I, 41; cf. Tyler, "Williamsburg, the Old Colonial Capital," p. 229). Certain lines from several Charleston prologues and epilogues are quoted, and, as I believe, slightly misinterpreted in Dr. Cook's recent volume, "Literary Influences in Colonial Newspapers, 1704-1750" (pp. 245-249); but in their entirety they have not to my knowledge been reprinted.*

The earliest of these is taken from the *South Carolina Gazette* for February 8, 1734-5, and reads:

Prologue spoken to the ORPHAN, up-

*Since the sentence above was put in type, I have seen Mary C. Crawford's "The Romance of the American Theatre" (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., October, 1913), on pp. 56-57 of which is given a modernized version of the first prologue. But at least one line is wholly wanting, and several others contain errors.

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on it's being play'd at Charlestown, on Tuesday the 24th of Jan., 1734-5.

When first Columbus touch'd this distant Shore.
And vainly hop'd his Fears and Dangers o'er,
One boundless Wilderness in View appear'd!
No Champain Plains or rising Cities chear'd
His wearied Eye.—
Monsters unknown travers'd the hideous Waste,
And Men more Savage than the Beasts they chac'd.
But mark! how soon these gloomy Prospects clear,
And the new World's late horrors disappear.
The soil obedient to the industrious Swains
With happy Harvests crowns their honest Pains,
And Peace and Plenty triumph o'er the Plains.
What various Products float on every Tide?
What numerous Navys in our Harbours ride?
Tillage and Trade conjoin their Friendly Aid,
T' enrich the thriving Boy and lovely Maid.
Hispania, it's true, her precious Mines engross'd,
And bore her shining Entrails to its Coast.
Britannia more humane supplys her wants,
The Brittish sense and Brittish Beauty plants.
The Aged Sire beholds with sweet Surprize
In foreign Climes a numerous Offspring rize,
Sense, Virtue, worth, and Honour stand confest,
In each brave Male, his prosp'rous hands have blest,
While the Admiring Eye improv'd may trace
The Mother's Charms in each chast Virgin's Face.
Hence we presume to usher in those Arts
Which oft have warm'd the best and bravest Hearts.
Faints [*sic*] our endeavours, rude are our Essays;
We strive to please, but can't pretend at praise;
Forgiving Smiles o'erpay the grateful Task;
They're all we hope and all we humbly ask.

The spirit of these lines clearly implies that this performance of "The Orphan" would "usher in" the dramatic art to Charleston, if not to America. In the absence of contrary evidence they justify us, I think, in looking upon Otway's tragedy as the first drama offered to the Charleston public. While the author's name is not disclosed, the words "our Harbours" point to American authorship. However that may be, these verses constitute for America the first "occasional prologue" now extant.

In the same number of the *Gazette* from which these lines are taken appears a second prologue to "The Orphan," "acted at Charleston, Febr. 7, 1734-5," which runs:

Encouraged by your Smiles again we dare
Approach the good, the wise, the great, the fair,
Each gentle Look, each lovely Face betrays
Kindness, beyond our Impotence to please,
Who boast th' Intent alone.—But if to-night,
While tender Pity forms severe Delight,
Of real Spleen and formal Wisdom full
Some count it Virtue to be stiff and dull,
Much may be said in spight of the severe,
For us who dare to speak, and you to hear.
The wisest Mortal e'er beheld the Day
Confess'd a Season to unbend and play.
To our attempts such Wisdom must be kind,
Where the Amusement tends to form the Mind;
For Worth distress'd the pitying Tear to drain,
And challenge Grief from Woes which others feign.
Besides, if Pleasures oft repeated cloy,
And of itself Variety's a Joy,
I really can't discern th' important Ill,
Tho' it relieve Backgammon or Quadrille;
Or when this Muse has wept, the comic Style
Laughs off our Heats and Politicks a while:
For spight of the Objections some produce,
Ev'n merry Plays may have their serious Use:
And if they're treated hard, their Fate is such,
'Tis where they're little known, or—dreaded much.
No carking Miser of his Teeth afraid,
His shilling sinks to see the Miser play'd;
No wither'd Fool to Bloom and Beauty wed,
Admires the picture of his branching Head:
And if important Mortals, cramm'd with Thought,
Condemn what *Addison* and *Shakespear* wrote,
Fond of our Peace, averse to all Disputes,
We straight submitt and ask—the Price of Boots,
The good and wise may say "Abuse has been";
But from th' Abuse ne'er argue to the Thing:
Oft at the Tree do future Culprits spring,
And Thefts increase the more while Felons swing,
Must Convicts therefore out of Goal [*sic*] be kick'd,
And Robbers 'scape lest Pockets should be pick'd?
But howsoe're we fail,—these tender Scenes
Have mov'd the fairest Nymphs and bravest Swains;
The fair and brave shall here the scene persue,
Pathetic, simple, and to many new.
We hope your Favour much, yet scarcely fear.
That one departs for what's recited here.
With greater Risque the bitter Pangs to prove
Of wild Desire or ill-conducted Love.

The *Gazette's* heading to this prologue gives the date of the performance as February 7, 1734-5. There is reason to believe that the correct date is February 4, inasmuch as the play had been advertised for "Tuesday the 4th Inst." in the *Gazette* of January 25. February the fourth of that year fell on Tuesday, and it seems probable that the play was acted earlier in the week than Friday when we note that the prologue came out in Saturday's paper. The advertisement also announces that with "The Orphan" will be given "a new Pantomime Entertainment" of Harlequin and Scaramouch.

In the *South Carolina Gazette* for February 22 of the same year is given an "Epilogue to the Orphan, spoken after the entertainment"—apparently alluding to the "pantomimic entertainment" mentioned in the advertisement for the evening of February 4. The lines follow:

By various Arts we thus attempt to please,
And your Delight persue by different Ways;
Nor from our numerous Imports judge it fit
To banish Pleasure and prohibit Wit.
But while from Britain's wealthy Cities flow
Much for Necessity and much for Show,
From the old World in Miniature we shew
Her choicest Pleasures to regale the new.
Four your Delight and Use has *Otway* wrote,
And pow'rful Music tunes her warbling Throat,
While other Objects entertain the Sight
And we, you know, can die for your Delight.
Warm'd with th' Applause your Favour now bestows,
It may inspire the Merit you suppose;
If haply your continu'd Smiles produce
The *humble Fabrick* suited to the Use.
Then from the doubling Arch the Notes shall bound,
And Vaults responsive eccho to the sound:
Thence from their Graves pale Ghosts arising slow
Shall clear the injur'd and the guilty show.
From nobler Themes shall loftier Scenes appear,
And *Cato* urge what Senators may hear;
Or *Congreve's* Drama shake the laughing Dome,
With Wit unmatch'd by *Athens* or by *Rome*.

The little Term that Heaven to Mortals spares,
Is daily clouded with prolonging Cares;
Nor *real* Virtue blames the pleasing Strife,
To blend Amusement with the Shades of Life;
Wise, innocent, serene, she smiles at Ease,
Nor hanging Witches, nor adjuring Plays.

Dr. Cook is undoubtedly right in seeing a slap at the New England Puritans in the last line, but that other lines imply the frequent presentation in Charleston of "Hamlet," "Cato," and Congreve's plays is an assertion not beyond cavil. Rather do they promise that such dramas will be offered, provided the Charleston patronage justifies the venture. In time the promise was fulfilled.

"The Orphan" seems to have retained a strong hold on the affections of Charleston theatre-goers, for five times, at least, it was acted, and repeated almost every season of which we have record. Dryden's "Spanish Friar" was acted March 25, 1735, "for the Benefit of Monimia," evidently the actress who played the title rôle in "The Orphan."

The same actress in the beginning of 1736, when the first permanent theatre was opened in Charleston, took the part of Silvia in Farquhar's comedy "The Recruiting Officer." This fact is shown by an epilogue, which has been recently found by my colleague, Prof. R. H. Griffith, in the London *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. VI (1736), p. 288. The title runs:

"*EPILOGUE to the* Recruiting Officer, *written by THOMAS DALE, M.D., and spoken by* Silvia *in Man's Cloaths, at the Opening of the New Theatre, in* Charles-Town *in* South Carolina, in 1734."*

The author, Thomas Dale, was a Charlestonian, assistant justice of the province, and afterwards a member of the upper house in the South Carolina Assembly. He has hitherto been known to fame chiefly as the father of a more distinguished physician of the same name, whose life is related in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

One may at least guess that Dale is the author of all these prologues and epilogues. Internal evidence points slightly in that direction. But at any rate, he deserves notice as one of the earliest American writers of verse.

ROBERT ADGER LAW.

*Evidently a mistake for 1735-6. Advertisements in the *Gazette* show clearly that the New Theatre was opened with "The Recruiting Officer" on February 12, 1735-6. This epilogue was printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1736.

Correspondence

LIBRARY OF THE SURGEON-GENERAL'S OFFICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I desire to direct your attention, and that of your readers, to what threatens to become a national calamity. As is well known to those versed in scientific matters, the Surgeon-General of the United States Army has had under his control a library commonly known as "The Library of the Surgeon-General's Office." This library is in many regards unique; its value is beyond cavil, its importance to scientific medicine is imperative, its loss or abrogation would be an unspeakable calamity. The eminence to which it has attained is largely due to its control and detailed management by properly equipped scientists. It is highly improbable, if not actually impossible, that such eminence could have been attained and maintained under a less rigid control. Through the Index Catalogue it renders a service to scientific medicine that is not paralleled by any other publication. By generous provision of those in authority its accumulated literature is made readily accessible to those in search of detailed knowledge. The existence of this library is a priceless national asset.

The autonomy of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office is threatened with early obliteration; and with the ancillary loss of scientific management, its high international value and its usefulness to scientific medicine will doubtless

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suffer irreparably. This threatened peril is found to lie within the provisions of the recent Army Appropriation bill, which even now awaits final action; by which the library is to be transferred from the control of the Surgeon-General and merged with the Congressional Library.

The gravity of the situation warranted the St. Louis Medical Society in adopting unanimously the following protest at its last meeting, on April 4, and in transmitting by wire a copy of said protest to each of the Missouri Representatives in Congress:

The St. Louis Medical Society has learned with grave concern that the Army Appropriation bill just passed by the Senate of the United States contains a provision whereby the Surgeon-General's Library is to be transferred to, and become a part of, the Library of Congress.

To make the largest, best-equipped, and best-conducted medical library in the world, which through the Index Catalogue furnishes bibliographical data for all the physicians, medical educational institutions, and scientific medical associations, and which is accessible to the medical men of all sections of this country, a subordinate department of a general library is in the opinion of this Society a reactionary and unwise policy which would lower the scientific standing of the United States in the eyes of the civilized world. To rob the magnificent Surgeon-General's Library of its autonomy would prevent it from continuing its splendid work which can be done only if the library is in charge of carefully chosen scientific medical men; it would entail additional and unnecessary expense upon the people, and the usefulness of the library would be seriously impaired.

The Secretary of this Society is hereby instructed to convey this expression of our disapproval of the proposed transfer to the Missouri members of the House of Representatives with the respectful request that they make every endeavor to prevent this unjustifiable and destructive legislation.

I request that you grant sufficient space in the *Nation* for this letter and the protest above noted, in the hope that scientists generally, but especially influential bodies of medical men, will unite in a strong and prompt protest to avert, if may be, an issue which is but little short of a national crime.

NORVILLE WALLACE SHARPE.

St. Louis, April 13.

THE LATE COLONEL HALLOWELL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The death of Col. Norwood Penrose Hallowell removes almost the last of the distinguished Massachusetts officers of colored troops during the Civil War, and is a fresh reminder how rapidly the remainder of the "Grand Army" is dwindling away. Of all who took service for the Union, none are entitled to greater credit than the men who volunteered with Robert Gould Shaw, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and the two Hallowells, for no one knew whether the colored troops would fight or not, and the Confederates early announced that there would be no quarter for the officers of "nigger regiments." As Col. Higginson put it, these men went to war "with halters around their necks," and the experiences of the colored soldiers taken prisoners at Fort Wagner showed that this was not exaggerated.

The South could not believe that the officers of these untried organizations were men of family, breeding, and even of scholarship, as in Col. Higginson's case. Yet this was the fact in many instances; the opportunity to ally themselves with this new venture, which was really the first Government recognition of negro manhood, made an irresistible appeal to many young Harvard men, and even to a son of the non-resistant Garrison. All in all, no finer type of young American manhood ever served our country in peace or war; Col. Shaw typifies it because of his shining personality and his tragic death. But Norwood Hallowell and his brother Edward, who succeeded Shaw in the Fifty-fourth, and succumbed soon after the war to the results of his wounds and exposure, were of as fine clay.

Curiously enough, in much Southern writing of the war the idea still prevails that all the Northern troops were mercenaries from Europe or the slums of the cities. Every Southern officer appears in the Southern novels of the strife as the personification of chivalry and every Yankee officer as a pot-house politician or a mannerless boor. There is still no realization of the fact that the best blood of the North was poured out freely, that the aristocratic families of New York and New England gave as readily of their sons as any in Southern States. Of this the death of Col. Hallowell is a proper reminder, just as it recalls his lifelong devotion to Harvard College and his helpful influence upon its athletics and the athletes in whom he became so deeply interested through the prowess of sons and nephews. G.

New York, April 18.

"RELIGION WITH A PUNCH."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I write to commend most heartily your trenchant editorial entitled "Religion with a Punch." As you so well said, "Noise and numbers! There it is, the old fallacy made to excuse such a treatment of religion as really tears up its deepest roots." And that ministers and other intelligent Christians can be caught in this fallacy seems well nigh incredible.

It would be refreshing to read something like this in the regular church papers. But the "noise and numbers" captivate us in religion as in other activities.

You will be glad to know that the Cleveland churches recently have twice declined to have a Billy Sunday campaign in their midst. They feel just as you have written, that while a few might possibly be reformed, untold harm would come from the coarse and vulgar handling of holy things which is Sunday's chief asset.

I wish your editorial might have a wide reading. It would stiffen the spine of many ministers who in heart loathe Sunday's methods, but because of pressure are obliged to invent apologies for him. E. C. YOUNG.

Cleveland, April 10.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL POWER OF THE COURTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a communication to the *Nation* of February 19 I find two quotations from our Federal Constitution offered as proof of the contention that the Constitution confers "upon the Supreme Court the power to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional." The quotations are as follows:

The Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof; and all treaties made . . . shall be the supreme law of the land.

The judicial Power shall extend to all Cases, in Law and Equity, arising under this Constitution, the Laws of the United States, and Treaties made.

The assertion that these passages "confer upon the Supreme Court the power to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional" seems to me to beg the question. The passages say merely that the Constitution and the laws and treaties made in accordance with it shall be the supreme law of the land and that the judicial power shall extend to all cases in law and equity arising under that law. They do not say that one part of our three-fold government, the judiciary, shall have the exclusive power to declare finally what that law is. What seems to be meant by those passages is that the Constitution is the supreme law of the land and as such is binding upon each and every department of our Government.

When the Federal Supreme Court declares an act of the Federal Executive or an act of the Federal Legislature to be unconstitutional it exercises not a judicial power, but a political power; and it is well known that at common law the judiciary possesses no political power. Nowhere is such a power expressly given to the judiciary in the first Constitutions of the original States; nowhere is such a power expressly given to the Federal judiciary in the Federal Constitution; and immediately upon the first exercise of this power by the Federal judiciary there was well-reasoned and well-supported opposition to it.

It is argued that it would lead to disorder, perhaps to disaster, were each of the three separate departments of our Federal Government permitted to judge for itself whether its acts were in harmony with the Constitution. Such has not been the experience of the European countries, in every one of which the Legislature is free from control by the judiciary. And in our own country the control of the Legislature now exercised by the judiciary is one of the least powerful of all the checks to be found in our plan of government. It is a check that fails to reach many actions of the Legislature. Should the Legislature decline to act, even in a case where the Constitution orders it to act, the Federal judiciary cannot compel it to act; and even when an act of the Legislature is, in the opinion of the judiciary, contrary to the Constitution, the judiciary is powerless to intervene, even though the act continues in force for many years, until the matter is placed before it in

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the form of a suit of which it is authorized to take cognizance.

But this whole question of the beneficial nature of the check now exercised by the Federal judiciary upon the Federal Legislature is, in the opinion of the present writer, beside the point. The sole question is: Did the framers of the Constitution intend the judiciary to have that power? In view of the facts that such power is not expressly conferred upon the judiciary in the Constitution and that nowhere at the time the Constitution was framed was there a judiciary endowed with such power, the burden of proof would seem to rest rather heavily upon those who uphold the view that the Supreme Court did not arrogate that power to itself. E. M. H.

Moscow, Idaho, March 20.

BENJAMIN OSGOOD PEIRCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In these days when our universities are so frequently under criticism, when lamentations are so often heard of the waning influence of their professors, it is a pleasure to contemplate the career of one who was not only a noted scholar and scientist, but also a warm-hearted, sympathetic man, endeared to all who came in contact with him, whether students, colleagues, or acquaintances. Such a man was Benjamin Osgood Peirce, late professor of physics in Harvard University, the bare facts in whose career were mentioned in the *Nation* of January 22, but whose many-sidedness deserves far more extended mention.

Peirce was a Yankee of Yankees, born in Beverly, Mass., on February 11, 1854, descended from a long line of Massachusetts ancestors, his great-grandfather, Benjamin Peirce, having been killed at Lexington. Together with the Puritan traits and the New England conscience which were his chief characteristics, he possessed a strong sense of fun and a genial disposition, which were continually in evidence. Beverly was in those days a great seafaring town, and at the age of nine Peirce took a voyage with his parents to the Cape of Good Hope, where his observation was so careful that fifty years afterwards he was able to surprise South Africans by descriptions of what he had seen. He was educated in the public schools of Beverly, and after a couple of years, in which he learned the carpenter's trade, he decided to go to college, and prepared himself for Harvard. The liking he had for the classics, shown by his conversing with his father in Latin on their daily walks, he retained throughout his life, and was able to quote long passages from the Latin and Greek poets. Many of us still believe that such a training makes the best possible foundation for a scientist.

At Harvard he took a well-selected course, but showed so marked a talent for mathematics and physics that on his graduation in 1876 he received a travelling fellowship and proceeded to Germany, where he remained four years. In 1879 he obtained the degree of Ph.D. at Leipzig, where he had worked in Wiedemann's physical laboratory, and the next year he spent under the stimulating influence of the great master Helmholtz in Berlin. It was here that he became charmed with the beauty of mathematical physics, then hardly taught in this country, to which he devoted so much of his after-life. Returning to the United States in 1880, after teaching a year at the Boston Latin School, Peirce was appointed instructor in mathematics at Harvard, and was promoted in 1884 to an assistant professorship. There is at Harvard no chair of mathematical physics, or Peirce would have held it; but in 1888 he received the appointment to the Hollis professorship of mathematics and natural philosophy, which perhaps gave him a freer hand, and enabled him to distribute his time as he preferred in the laboratory and in mathematical physics. The courses in the latter subject he worked up to a high degree of efficiency, the subject being, as has been stated, entirely new in this country. In the laboratory, in a similarly painstaking manner, he developed an admirable course in electrical measurements. Here he came into close contact with his students, and became a sympathetic father-confessor to many of them. At the same time he threw himself enthusiastically into the prosecution of research, which he kept up with undiminished productivity to the end of his life. This is not the place to analyze his work, which was characterized, whether experimental or theoretical, by prodigious painstaking and rare critical knowledge.

It is of Professor Peirce as a man that I wish here to speak. He was rare among American scientists for the breadth of his interests and the catholicity of his sympathies. He was a voracious reader, particularly of biography and history. He spoke French well, and German so well, including the South German dialect, as to deceive the native. For music he, like many mathematicians, had a passion, and possessed a careful knowledge of musical form and history. For several years he served on the committee on honors in music. Whether or no a musical ear makes a good linguist, Peirce possessed both gifts, and at nine years acquired the difficult Kaffir "clicks," as later he showed a nice sense for Latin metrics and for foreign accents. Painting and architecture he keenly enjoyed, delighting in Gothic, and lamenting the lack of beauty in the Harvard buildings. Everything requiring skill of hand interested Peirce. In any kind of boat he was thoroughly at home, and he had many warm friends among Gloucester captains and ship carpenters. He kept a font of type in the laboratory, and set up many of the complicated mathematical formulæ in one of his books with his own hand, while his figures were always drawn by himself, and the curves carefully made by templets filed out in sheet metal. Thus his sympathy went out to all workers, whether with hand or brain.

In 1900 too strict attention to work brought on nervous prostration, and Peirce was obliged to take two years' leave of absence. Even then health did not return, but with Spartan devotion Peirce never missed a lecture after returning to work. During the rest of his life he suffered greatly from insomnia, but he never complained. His cheerfulness was irresistible. With his intimates he adopted a style of Yankee dialect, slang, and humor that was inimitable, but with the public, whether speaking or writing, his style was beyond criticism, and marked by clearness and elegance. The writer was one of hundreds of students who felt the charm of Peirce's influence and sympathy, and to his colleagues he was an inspiration. The crowded chapel at the funeral, the dozens of letters since his death, from colleagues, pupils, and scientists, at home and abroad, and from those humble functionaries to whom Peirce's daily smiling greeting meant much, all attest the place that he had made in the hearts of men. In person as in heart, Peirce was a big man. Over six feet in height, heavy, and muscular in proportion, he was the picture of a manly man. With it he had the sensitive heart of a woman, and in him modesty was developed to an almost impossible extent. At the time of the conferring of the well-merited degree of doctor of science, President Lowell made certainly one of the most truthful of his happy characterizations when he called him "a scientist ignorant only of his own deserts." Arthur Gordon Webster.

Worcester, Mass., April 16.

PICTURESQUE LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In connection with an editorial in the *Nation* on picturesque language, I have thought that certain words and phrases culled from the vocabulary of a former cook, a negro woman from the mountains of Tennessee, might be of interest to some of your readers.

"Turtle," by a slight change, becomes "turkle"; "catamount," "catamouse"—surely a most natural association of ideas. The singing of birds was described as a "sweet fuss." "Poke" for "bag" was an everyday word. Many of the expressions noted either concerned, or were addressed directly to, a handsome black cat, with which she conversed constantly, apparently on terms of perfect equality. When this household pet was cross, a not infrequent occurrence, he was called "ill"; when on the contrary he showed signs of wishing to be petted, he was "pettish." Another cat, after an unsuccessful attack on ours, "shabbed [ran] away"; "he jest burned the air." "To burn the air" is certainly quite as vivid as the French "brûler le pavé." After some misdemeanor, the cat was "twiggled [beaten] good." But the pearl of the collection, a word as connotative in its way as some of those quoted in Miss Furman's admirable stories, was a verb used to describe a contemptuous refusal. "I gave Torm some milk," quoth the cook, "but he jest *snurled* up his nose at it."

Geo. N. Henning.

Washington, D. C., April 3.

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Literature

A MEXICAN ON HIS COUNTRY.

The Case of Mexico. By Rafael de Zayas Enriquez. Translated from the Spanish by André Tridon. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $1.35.

The present work is interesting and typical only as an example of ordinary Latin-American political discussion; its value is that of an inspired campaign document. The author shows slight interest in literary style or structure. He opens with a long letter, covering twenty pages of the book, which he addressed from New York to Francisco I. Madero, on December 29, 1911. The inconsistency of his words to President Madero, compared with his expression of opinion in 1914, approaches closely to insincerity. Three years ago he wrote to the successful revolutionist: "You find yourself to-day at the head of the Government, to which position you were elected by a majority of the people to preside over their destinies." In this letter the author writes of Pino Suarez as a man "whom you first had elected Governor of the State of Yucatan." Later, indeed, while treating Madero's San Luis Manifesto, he asserts: "The Mexican nation never supported him personally at the polls nor during the revolution."

Mr. Zayas Enriquez then compares Madero and Porfirio Diaz. Very interesting are the charges which he repeats against the former: that his plans were mainly to stave off the ruin of his family, then heavily involved; and that by the activity of Zapata in the state of Morelos the Madero family were enabled to acquire valuable plantations at ridiculously low prices. In succeeding chapters he records the "bloody ten days," the decision taken by Gen. Huerta and the army, and the fall of Madero. He attempts to prove that the *de facto* government became a government *de jure* according to the Mexican Constitution. In chapter vi the execution of Gustavo Madero, the brother of the deposed President, is passed over without attention, and on the death of Madero and Pino Suarez he quotes Carlos Toro's "Fall of Madero" as saying: "Nobody cared to preserve the lives of those dangerous apostles of violence and anarchy, and their death was considered by their friends and enemies alike as a national necessity. The bitterness, the anger, the feuds so sedulously kept up by these two men ended with them; it was plain common-sense that demanded their extermination." Mr. Zayas Enriquez, however, agrees with the official account, on the ground that anonymous public opinion did not appear in court under a military dictator to support its charges!

In chapter vii the Mexican writer touches on President Wilson and the American point of view. He begins by saying that until recently he thought the President a pure idealist. His conclusions now are, however, that "Machiavelli would have been clay in Wilson's hands, and what is more, that Machiavelli would never have known it." The policy of Gen. Huerta and his *coup d'état* are next justified, and notwithstanding the testimony of history, Mr. Zayas Enriquez gravely affirms that "the Mexican people are not really revolutionary. Madero made them so, and they have remained so."

The characteristic prominence of the army in Latin-American politics, and the fondness of the dictators for invoking Napoleon Bonaparte are set forth in Gen. Huerta's address before his new Legislature, as here quoted, when he stated that "it will always be a high and noble duty, or at least a commendable attitude, to save a nation at the cost of all principles"; and that "the ultimate truth is to be found in that saying of Bonaparte's: 'In saving the country one does not violate any law.'"

Mr. Zayas Enriquez further characterizes President Wilson's attitude towards Huerta as a hostility which seems to be the consequence of a personal dislike rather than a political policy. He examines the various statements and acts of President Wilson in regard to Mexico, and decides that if his desires were carried out by the Mexican Government, "Mexico would have become virtually an American colony." Hasty composition, at least, appears in this work, for in direct contradiction to statements on certain pages, the author writes that the Mexican problem is "nothing more than a conflict between the Wilson Doctrine, successor to the Monroe Doctrine, and the indomitable attitude of Huerta, patterned after the attitude of our immortal patriot, Juarez." He agrees, in conclusion, with Col. George Harvey, who wrote that the sole alternative to a policy which leads only to war is the reversal of President Wilson's policy. The clearest statement of the whole work is that regarding "watchful waiting":

> The Honorable Mr. Wilson has only one alternative; either order an armed intervention, a course which he pretends he does not contemplate and which I contend he has neither the right nor the power to resort to; or rely entirely upon diplomatic action. An attitude of watchful waiting does not constitute a solution. It constitutes a real danger; it is, in the last analysis, inaction due to ignorance of whatever action should be taken.

In spite of the attempted impartial treatment of the situation by Mr. Zayas Enriquez, and his advocacy of a reversal of President Wilson's policy, there is material provided in his own book for a dissenting view. He condemns Madero thus: "Madero was not born to be a leader. Superficial in his judgments, stubborn in his capriciousness, fettered by many superstitions, he was not what is called a personality, he was merely an abnormal type." On the other hand, he acknowledges of Gen. Diaz, who was a "personality" in his sense of the word, that he "sacrificed many victims in order to establish and maintain a political system that would insure peace. A Warsovian peace it was called by many men of unbiassed mind; an educational peace, Diaz called it, for he acknowledged it as the only means of training his fellow-citizens for a life of order and labor." Nevertheless, the Mexicans were not so educated. Madero without result appealed to the ideals of democracy, peace, and harmony as enthusiastically as does Mr. Zayas Enriquez. There is no evidence which would lead one to suppose that, when these two personalities of opposite type have failed to govern the country successfully by either method, another "strong man" will be any more capable of it. Huerta at his best is not likely to approach the strength and efficiency of Porfirio Diaz.

CURRENT FICTION.

Garden Oats. By Alice Herbert. New York: John Lane Co.

This is the second novel of a writer who is, consciously, very modern and clever and sophisticated. "Emancipated" is perhaps the best word available. The whole story is a concrete argument for the equal moral and emotional rights of men and women. Olive Latimer, who tells the story, is not hampered by old-fashioned delicacy in the telling of it. She loves a spade as an epicure loves an onion. "The most complex of us," she says, "may be also the most primitive—only we taste our own primitiveness, roll it, as it were, upon the tongue." And, she might have added, we are eager to share the morsel with others. What she chiefly complains of is the male code which sets women on "an intolerable pedestal of difference," exacts of the adored one a false modesty, a pretended continence.

Adolescence in Olive Latimer involves an awakening of the senses which must be concealed. There are false dawns of passion, and then the real thing comes. But it does not set her free, her lover has a dream of her which she dares not break. She longs to be his mate, and sees that, to be happy, he must worship her as a being above and apart. Marriage does not change their relation. She knows that she has the best part of love, but it does not satisfy her; nor does motherhood. It is "l'amour" she thirsts for, the opportunity to let go, to throw herself away for the sake of one

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glorious hour of—the flesh. The opportunity presents itself, and she is saved from yielding fully to it by mere chance. Her eyes are opened, the danger is past; she has an impulse to confess, to expound herself, once for all, to her husband:

"It's no good. He must have his pretty lie!" I said to Mollie.

"Make it a lovely truth!" said Mollie. "Yes, you can."

"I'll try. I swear I'll try; my wild oats are all sown."

Mollie forestalled a twentieth-century wit:

"Be thankful they were only garden oats," she said.

The chief question is whether this kind of crop is worth exposing in the marketplace. The obsolescent male, with his clumsy ideals, turns a shamefaced eye upon it. And we believe that a good many women who are not fools or hypocrites honestly feel, in reading this sort of feminine confession, what Celia felt more lightly when Rosalind's wit carried her beyond bounds: "You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate."

North of Fifty-three. By Bertrand W. Sinclair. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

This is a tale of the Canadian wilds where strength and endurance are life's requirements, where man battles against nature, and nature generously repays by teaching him and providing for him. Here his success does not entail the crushing of weaker men, and his pleasures grow large, healthy, unspoiled by the pettiness of urban civilization. In Mr. Sinclair the cry of "Back to Nature" is distinctly more convincing than it usually sounds. His romance centres upon two people who have escaped to Canada from the wrongful slander of their neighbors. Hazel Weir is lost in the woods and comes to the camp-fire of "Roaring Bill" Wagstaff, notorious for miles around. He promises to take her home, but in the end determines to carry her away as his wife in modern cave-man style. Hazel must obey. Then begins the awakening of her nature in Bill's cabin in the woods filled with books and culture. She realizes the qualities of her cave-man's character, the true product of nature and the open. She loves him, yet she chafes for liberty. So Bill sets her free. But as she enters cities and civilization the woods and Bill call her back, and she returns to be his wife.

Up to this point, it is familiar romance. Mr. Sinclair removes it from that category by beginning his real story here. He compares the life of the woods and of civilization, by giving his couple one more full taste of the emptiness of conventional life before establishing them permanently in the wilds. Mr. Sinclair has a definite point that he states clearly. His two characters are exceptionally well drawn and sympathetic. His style is robust and vigorous. His pictures of Canadian life are stimulating.

Barnabetta. By Helen Martin. New York: The Century Co.

Back-country misses, daughters of illiterate tinsmiths whose brothers drive the country-stage and who have themselves been only drudges in the house, do not generally, upon being sent to college, win their way at once into the heart of the college president, particularly when he happens to be of Boston's bluest blood. Nor do they become paragons of learning and culture, with advanced ideas on Socialism and industrialism, in the brief space of little more than a year. Nor do such rustic damsels spurn an offer of marriage from their college president merely because his hesitation has indicated snobbery. Nor, in the end, do they receive a similar offer from the only other eligible man in the town, incidentally a millionaire. Yet Barnabetta, daughter of Barnaby and Etta Dreardy, of a family of Reinhartz, Pa., "Dutchmen," disproves the general rule. Once her stepmother has sent her off to college, she develops the afore-mentioned attributes with extraordinary rapidity. It is not entirely the background of quaint characters that lends compensation to the story. These are picturesque enough, particularly the brusque, "close" father, who at fifty-five provides himself with a nosegay to win the fortune of an antiquated spinster. The appeal of the story lies in its straightforwardness. The style possesses a certain natural spontaneity, an innocence that gradually wins over the reader and makes the adventures of Barnabetta seem pleasantly true.

Monksbridge. By John Ayscough. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

This is a quiet picture of English rural scenes and the life of gentlefolk infused with a rare humor. The time is not long after the Oxford movement, and the central incident is the conversion of a public-school lad, Perkin Auberon, from the Church of England to Roman Catholicism. But it is far from constituting the whole story, which is of the ups and downs of the Auberon family—a widowed mother, Sylvia, Perkin, and the narrator, a second daughter, gifted with rare observation. The restrained characterization is admirable. Sylvia, who is beautiful, brilliant, and snobbish, rules domestic affairs with an iron hand and marries Lord Monksbridge, not for his new title and newer riches, but—as she carefully explains—in order that her own Norman lineage may give the needed lustre to it. The mother is a quiet, sensible person, and Perkin is drawn with the right admixture of youthful fire and hardheaded logic. The unnamed narrator, as we are given to understand, is plain and insignificant beside her sister, but develops wonderful charm. Part of it is certainly exhibited in her ability to detect a subtle basis for irony in all that goes on about her, and to see in satiric light the lovers of Sylvia, the tutors of Perkin, the doddering county families.

Mrs. Brand. By H. A. Mitchell Keays. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

"Mrs. Brand" is a clever novel full of the modern spirit. It has a sophisticated, rich, and rather flippant heroine, a glorious opportunity for the reformer. It has a doctor-hero who devotes his life to ministering to the wretchedest section of the city ("if your hero has the bad luck not to have been born in the slums, he must at least have the wit to take up his habitation there as soon as he comes of age," a critic has said). It has a "fallen woman," who is introduced to the heroine by the hero, and is regenerated by both of them. As a foil to the hero, there is another suitor, a worldly and selfish but brilliant minister, whom the heroine seems for a time to prefer. To classify the novel thus is not to condemn it. In spite of its occasional sentimentality, it is well planned and crisply written, and presents two or three characters drawn with unusual skill.

AN INFORMAL PICTURE OF BURROUGHS.

Our Friend John Burroughs. By Clara Barrus. Including Autobiographical Sketches by John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

For twelve years the literary assistant of John Burroughs has, as she tells us, enjoyed "exceptional opportunities . . . of observing him." The record of her observations falls into three parts: first, two chapters in which she rambles at ease; secondly, several chapters in which Mr. Burroughs writes of himself in an equally informal style, and, thirdly, five more chapters by the author in her most nonchalant vein. The result of the plan of the book is that nothing has its proper place, and that many things are mentioned twice, with a limping "as has been said" by way of apology.

In substance, most of the book is pretty close to the ordinary magazine article on "My visit to Slabsides"; that is, it shows faithful rather than penetrating "observation," and is always likely to slip from triviality to fatuous profundity and back again. The triviality one is content to smile upon indulgently—any one, at least, who is accustomed to recent biographical writing; but the fatuous profundity is too much. Here is a fair specimen:

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We brought the good things from the hearth, hot and delicious, and sat down to a dinner that would have done credit to an Adirondack guide—and when one has said this, what more need one say?

In helping myself to the celery, I took an outside piece. Mine host reached over, and, putting a big white centre of celery on my plate, said: "What's the use taking the outside of things when one can have the heart?" This is typical of John Burroughs's life as well as his art—he has let extraneous things, conventionalities, and non-essentials go; has gone to the heart of things. It is this that has made his work so vital.

As we arose from the table, I began picking up the dishes.

Such is life at Slabsides. It is hard to find, amid the throbbing hero-worship, the real John Burroughs; we are at the oracle whither come Vassar girls and Burroughs clubs, where "artists and sculptors paint and model him, and photographers carry away souvenirs of their pilgrimages"; but the oracle himself is in danger of being buried beneath so much praise and pillows and femininity, as he was on his Alaskan trip: "Up in Alaska there were a dozen or two following him around, tucking him up in steamer rugs, putting pillows to his head, running to him with a flower, or a description of a bird."

A few of the countless incidents mentioned by the writer are significant. But the value of the book resides mainly in the central section—Mr. Burroughs's "Autobiographical Sketches," which cover about one hundred pages. These sketches were written as letters to Miss Barrus at intervals between 1903 and 1912, to supply her with material in case she should some day undertake a life of Mr. Burroughs. Though not intended for publication in the original form, they are so published in order to preserve their "homely, unstudied value." This value they have; and they are, besides, full of apt description and characterization and incident—and, of course, they are heavily freighted with fact. Though put together helter-skelter, they are, therefore, a valuable—we might venture "precious," were it not for that vision of the ladies up in Alaska—addition to the writings by and about John Burroughs. It is impossible to review the contents, where so much is pertinent and quotable and all is interesting. Suffice it to say that to his father, that red-haired, naïve, emotional farmer who, we are told, probably never said "Thank you" in his life, Mr. Burroughs supposes that he owes nothing more admirable than his foot; while to his mother, a busy, devoted mother of ten children, he owes "my temperament, my love of nature, my brooding introspective habit of mind. . . . In her line were dreamers and fishermen and hunters," among them Mr. Burroughs's grandfather, who "went from the Book to the stream, and from the stream to the Book," and who even when eighty years old "would woo the trout-streams with great success, and between times would pore over the Book till his eyes were dim." Mr. Burroughs writes at length of his ancestry and of his mental and moral inheritance; the rest of these autobiographical pages he devotes to his life on the farm, to his love of nature (which, though innate, he tells us was evoked by Emerson), to his early writings and his experiences as a teacher, and to an analysis of his character and his outlook on life. What he tells regarding his early writings is supplemented by a chapter by Miss Barrus which contains a number of interesting quotations from his youthful Johnsonian and Emersonian productions.

THE NEW BANKING ACT.

The Operation of the New Bank Act. By Thomas Conway, jr., and Ernest M. Patterson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2 net.

Analysis of the operation of an important new law within less than a month of its enactment is admitted by the authors of the present work to be "unusual." The book bears evidence of careful collection and compilation of the documents and discussions which marked the progress of the new banking law through the House of Representatives and the Senate, and deals topically, but sometimes only superficially, with the different problems arising under each section and paragraph. It forms a convenient manual for those interested in the new law, whether as bankers, officials, or students; and its statements are generally accurate and temperate. From the standpoint of any one familiar with the subject, some of the discussions appear almost needlessly elementary in character, but the work is avowedly intended for the general reader. To the economic student its discussions will be suggestive, even if they are not always exhaustive.

There are some statements which are subject to challenge. It will hardly be agreed in New York or in other impartial circles that the crisis of 1907 "was almost entirely a bankers' panic," and that "there were no conditions which would cause a panic in Minnesota, in the Middle West, in the South, in New England, or in any part of the country except New York city" (page 9). The great absorption of capital into fixed forms, carelessly encouraged perhaps in New York, but going on all over the country, is thus calmly ignored, and it is even declared that when the country banks suspended currency payments, it was because they found that they could not obtain the return of their deposited reserves, and that, "therefore, they were forced to follow the bad example of New York" (page 95). This saddling upon a single city of the entire responsibility for the misdirection of capital and the general collapse of the banking system throughout the nation is going farther than even the most enthusiastic advocate of banking reform is ordinarily disposed to go.

Another statement which may be challenged, or which at least may lead to misconstruction, is the intimation that if the sum of $17,857,052, representing one-sixth of the subscriptions to the capital stock of the Federal reserve banks, "should be called for at any one time, there might be considerable difficulty in making payments without injury to business" (page 49). Apparently, the authors have no great confidence in the strength of the existing banking system if they believe that a transfer of this small amount, spread over 7,500 institutions, would have any serious effect upon the money market. They also reveal remarkable naïveté in the statement on the next page, that "the requirement that the payments must be in gold is a very valuable one, in that a considerable supply of it will thus be furnished to the reserve banks at the very start."

It needs no more than an elementary knowledge of banking to show that whether the payments into the Federal reserve banks were in greenbacks, checks, or drafts, it would require only the simplest operations through the clearing house and the Sub-Treasuries to turn them into gold or gold certificates, and that this must occur inevitably, except possibly in the case of greenbacks and silver certificates, because the entire resources of the banks at the outset must consist of cash, and cannot include in any case redeposited reserves or credits. The demand that individual banks shall sort out gold and gold certificates for making their payments is an infantile device, having absolutely no banking value.

Some surprise perhaps may be felt by Secretary McAdoo when he reads the declaration that through subdivision into districts "the country is, figuratively speaking, divided into compartments that are expected to be almost water-tight" (page 69). It was the intimation of the Secretary, during the hearings in New York, that the Federal Reserve Board would exercise a benevolent watchfulness over the various Federal reserve banks and would make such disposition of their resources and gold reserves that limiting New York to a bank of small capital would have little or no adverse effect. Watertight compartments are not possible, even between nations—much less be-

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tween sections arbitrarily marked off on the map of a single country.

There is a curious misinterpretation of the policy of the Treasury Department in the description given of the system of maintaining the gold reserve (page 195). It is set forth correctly that when legal-tender notes are presented for redemption through the gold reserve fund, it is the practice at the Treasury Department to place them among the assets in the general fund, taking from this fund an amount of gold coin or gold certificates equal in amount to the legal-tender notes so transferred. The comment is made that "thus, the letter of the law is complied with, if not the spirit." The fact is that from the beginning of the creation of the gold-reserve fund, it was felt that so long as there was a considerable amount of free gold in the general assets of the Treasury, it would be foolish to let the reserve fall below the legal limit of $150,000,000, or to issue bonds to replenish it. By promptly handing over notes which are redeemed in gold to the general fund of the Treasury in exchange for gold held there, the gold reserve has never, since the Act of March 14, 1900, appeared at a less figure in the daily balance than $150,000,000. The effect upon the public mind would have been much less favorable if the reserve had been allowed to sag below this amount to some uneven figure from day to day; and it would have been supremely foolish to employ the great resources placed at the command of the Secretary of the Treasury to replenish these small losses by the public sale of bonds. The policy inaugurated in 1900, and since steadily pursued, is quite as much in accord with the spirit of the law as with its letter, and any other course would have excited unfounded alarms and might have imposed needless charges upon the Government.

These shortcomings in the discussion, however, are of only minor importance and do not affect the general accuracy of the analysis of the scope and effect of the new law. The character of the note issue, and the weak points in the composite system which finally became law, are clearly pointed out. The provisions for the issue of notes by the Federal reserve banks, "issued under the same conditions and provisions of law as relate to the issue of circulating notes of national banks secured by bonds of the United States bearing the circulation privilege," are brought out more clearly than has been done in most discussions of the new law. These provisions are more or less of a hodge-podge, and were evidently insisted upon in conference committee, after being reduced from a much worse form, in order to guard against the contraction which might follow the retirement of the old national bank-notes. It would have been much better if the notes to be issued by the Federal reserve banks had been homogeneous in character—of one form and type—bearing the imprint of the Federal system, even if bonds had constituted a part of the general assets held against them.

The bond-secured circulation is, however, restricted in several ways. First, the total amount of 2 per cent. bonds which may be bought by the Federal reserve banks and employed for note issues is limited to $25,000,000 per year. Secondly, the bonds thus bought may be converted into 3 per cent. bonds which do not carry the circulation privilege; they may be converted into one-year Treasury notes, which are likely to prove a valuable liquid asset; or they may be held by Federal reserve banks without being made the basis of a note issue. The interesting question is raised whether the language assimilating the notes based upon bonds to the notes issued by national banks carries with it the tax of one-half per cent. *per annum* upon notes issued by Federal reserve banks. There is a provision of the law (in sec. 7) which provides that "Federal reserve banks, including the capital stock and surplus therein, and the income derived therefrom shall be exempt from Federal, State, and local taxation, except taxes upon real estate"; but this can hardly be held to override the more specific definition of the conditions under which the banks may issue notes.

It is probably in the power of the Federal reserve banks to confine their circulation to the form of Federal reserve notes, if they are able to substitute them from time to time for gold received from the public and the Government, and thus to avoid entirely the issue of notes specifically secured by bonds, without contracting the currency any more than if bond-secured notes were issued. The obviously sound policy of the Federal reserve banks will be to put out a note whenever they can do so in exchange for gold, independently of the question of expansion or contraction, in order to pile up in their vaults a reserve of several hundred millions of the yellow metal, which will give their combined reserves something of the impressiveness of those of the Bank of Russia or the Bank of France.

The authors seem to have only an inadequate appreciation of the principle that interest should not be paid on commercial deposits. Attention is called to the fact that in the law as finally enacted Federal reserve banks are not forbidden to pay interest, but the comforting suggestion is added that "it does not seem at all certain that they will do so" (page 61). It might have been added that if they should pay interest upon reserve deposits, they would fly deliberately in the face of the reasoned experience of the world. That experience dictates the payment of interest upon those deposits only which are in the nature of investments.

On such a point as the allocation of the tax to be paid upon the impairment of the reserve against notes, no light whatever is thrown, even in the way of conjecture, by the authors of the present work. They simply declare, following the language of the act itself, that the tax "is to be paid by the reserve bank, but it is required to add an equivalent amount to the rates of interest and discount fixed for it by the Federal Reserve Board" (page 149). Several questions naturally suggest themselves in regard to the allocation of this tax. Is the rate of interest to be added to all discounts made after the reserve falls below the legal minimum of 40 per cent., or only upon those where the person desiring the rediscount asks directly for notes instead of deposit credit? Is the tax to cease when other paper is paid off and the impairment of the reserve comes to an end, or is the increased tax to be continuous upon the loans upon which it is first imposed?

In referring to the Federal Advisory Council, which the national banks are authorized to appoint to confer with the Federal Reserve Board, it is remarked that "a careful examination of this grant of powers makes it evident that the influence of this Council may mean much or little" (page 83). No one is likely to dispute this safe assertion. But it does not necessarily follow that differences of opinion between the two bodies—the Federal Reserve Board and the Advisory Council—are, as our authors think, "inevitable." They rarely occur between bodies of a similar character at the European banks of issue, and they should not occur in this country if the Federal Reserve Board consists of men with open minds, ready to compare their own views with those of the trained bankers who will probably serve on the Advisory Council. The suggestion that the "only safe solution is for the Advisory Council to devote itself to the collection and presentation of facts and the furnishing of information, but never advice, except when called for," will not bear criticism. The Council is distinctly directed by the law "to *make recommendations* in regard to discount rates, rediscount business, note issues, reserve conditions in the various districts, and the purchase and sale of gold or securities by reserve banks, open-market operations by said banks, and the general affairs of the reserve banking system."

Careful analysis is made of the ef-

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fect of the transfer of reserves upon the different classes of banks and of the proportion of country deposits which the New York banks now carry. There is also some discussion of the effect of the new law upon the loans made on the Stock Exchange; but naturally, this discussion is inconclusive, in view of the fact that the banks and the Stock Exchange itself have not yet been quite able to solve the problem. Upon the whole, the book is likely to prove timely for those interested in the working out of the new law, although a more complete and conclusive treatise is likely to be produced at some future time, dealing with the questions of law involved as well as those of an economic and banking character.

A MONUMENTAL WORK.

Histoire de la Langue Française des origines à 1900. By Ferdinand Brunot. Vol. IV: "La Langue Classique" (1660-1715), Part I. Paris: Armand Colin. 18 francs.

At intervals of years, the *Nation* has noticed the progressive publication of this giant work. The Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres has bestowed on it the Premier Grand Prix Gobert (1912), the highest national honor. In erudition, in logical and easy ordering of the myriad examples patiently collected, in its successful taking over of the history of language to the human history of a nation which is one in race and civilization and has, by its language, influenced profoundly the languages and literature and modes of thinking and feeling of other civilized countries, this work is, perhaps, without a rival. In particular, even the greatest works on the "classic languages" of Greece and Rome do not furnish such indications of the habits of mind and morals at the given period of history as constantly appear in these pages. The author, who is himself a brilliant product of the older humanities, has been sharply attacked in his university career for the part he is supposed to take in substituting modern for ancient and classical training. Save for reference, the present voluminous work may not enter the secondary curriculum; but for higher studies—and for the educated thinker who seeks an understanding of the evolution of humanity as well as of language—it is indispensable. Thus the present Part, with the few additions and corrections which it may call forth, supplements vitally all that has hitherto been written of the Golden Age of Louis the Fourteenth.

The author modestly excuses himself as he girds himself anew to the long toil still needed to bring his task to an end:

> Some day, perhaps, I may be able to give the public a short synthesis. . . . To-day I wish to print the documents as I have them. And it is necessary, before all else, that my book should appear. When the age of full maturity begins passing, it is imprudent to prolong too much a labor whose accomplishment still requires so many years.
>
> For the first time, there will be found in this volume two chapters almost entirely due to others than myself. . . . I have no intention of transforming the character of my book and giving henceforward a collective work, of which I should be only the director. But, in spite of the counsel of several of my friends, I have sacrificed the vanity of doing the work alone to the hope of doing the work better. Indeed, that which is important and of general interest is not that the "History of the French Language" should be entirely my work, but that it should approximate as closely as possible to what it ought to be. Now, as may well be thought, my competence is not universal. . . . Soon my readers will profit even more largely by the interest which various men of learning have been willing to show in this history. . . . I ought to add that if the numberless quotations of my text have been verified one by one in the originals whence they are taken, it is thanks to the unwearied patience of her whose devotedness no duty, however burdensome, can surfeit; to her who has been associated with a life wholly of science and labor, and has wished to be something more than the witness of it.

At the beginning of the volume, Professor Brunot explains lucidly its aim and scope, and gives fifteen pages of abbreviations used in citing his texts. The citations themselves are not only apposite to the text as they occur, but are chosen with a skilful eye to general interest; and the same is to be said of the copious footnotes. A first book is devoted to the existing theories of language at the classic period—grammarians and the Academy, dictionaries and reasoning, writers and the public, with the general spirit of the time. The second book treats of orthography from Malherbe and Port Royal, through salons and a phonetic campaign (already!), to the action of the Academy and schools, with entertaining examples of men and of letters and court ladies. In the third book—on pronunciation—Professor Rosset of Grenoble, a pupil of M. Brunot, who has specialized himself in phonetics, has given help; the chapters on good use, Parisian and provincial, and the resistance of popular instinct are illuminating. The fourth book takes up vocabulary, in which the development of prudishness somewhat resembling Puritan English, is treated at length, with its curious transition from morality under Louis the Fourteenth to good taste under Louis the Fifteenth. The words used in each class of society are considered fully, with the "fixation" of the lexicon against neologism and in favor of that precision which is the glory of French literature. The three-column lexicological index of this Part alone comprises twenty-one pages—a single example of the satisfactory apparatus of all this learning.

Notes

Longmans, Green & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "Modern Industry," by Florence Kelley.

Frederick A. Stokes Company will publish this month "The Cost of Wings," by Richard Dehan.

Small, Maynard & Company announce for publication on Saturday "Sweetapple Cove," by George van Schaick.

The Macmillan Company announced for publication yesterday "The Secret Book," by Edmund Lester Pearson. Other volumes which will be published shortly by the same company are: "The Letters of Richard Henry Lee," edited by James Curtis Ballagh; "A Lad of Kent," by Herbert Harrison; "The Enlarging Conception of God," by Herbert Alden Youtz.

Houghton Mifflin Company's list of publications for April includes: "The Heart's Country," by Mary Heaton Vorse; "The Misadventures of Three Good Boys," by Henry A. Shute; "The Owl and the Bobolink," by Emma C. Dowd; "Stories and Poems and Other Uncollected Writings," by Bret Harte, compiled by Charles Meeker Kozlay; "Before Vassar Opened," by James Monroe Taylor; "Nurses for Our Neighbors," by Dr. Alfred Worcester; "The New Politics," by William Garrott Brown; "Religious Confessions and Confessants," by Anna Robeson Burr; "Social Justice Without Socialism," by John Bates Clark.

John Lane Company announces for publication on May 1: "The Home of the Seven Devils," by Horace W. C. Newte; "The New Optimism," by H. de Vere Stacpole; "French Novelists of To-day," by Winifred Stephens; "The Love Affairs of Napoleon," by Joseph Turquan, translated by J. Lewis May.

The Rev. C. Silvester Horne's Lyman Beecher Lectures for 1914 at the Yale Divinity School will be published in one volume by the Fleming H. Revell Company. The synopsis of the lectures is as follows: Introductory—The Servant of the Spirit; The First of the Prophets; The Apostolic Age; The Royalty of the Pulpit; Athanasius and Chrysostom; The Rulers of Peoples; Savonarola, Calvin, and John Knox; The Founders of Freedom; John Robinson and the Pilgrim Fathers; The Passion of Evangelism; Wesley and Whitefield; The Romance of Modern Preaching.

WE have received from the Harvard University Press, at Cambridge, the Harvard University Directory. It is a handsomely printed catalogue of men now living who have been enrolled as students in the University, and includes officers of instruction and administration. In this second edition (the first was printed in 1910) the number of names

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has been brought to more than 35,000, and addresses, corrected to September 15, 1913, have been found in the case of all but about a thousand. There is an alphabetical list, followed by a geographical arrangement of the names. So systematized, the book should fill a large need. The price is $2.50 postpaid.

THE Phi Beta Kappa Society has delegated to a committee consisting of Prof. Clark S. Northup, of Cornell University; Mr. William C. Lane, librarian of the Harvard University Library, and Mr. John C. Schwab, librarian of the Yale University Library, the preparation of a volume of representative Phi Beta Kappa orations. Some scores of notable addresses have been delivered before the various chapters of the society since its organization in 1776. It is now proposed to publish fifteen or twenty of these in a volume of some five hundred pages, with a photogravure frontispiece, in a limited edition, through a house well known for the excellence of its special publications. As the committee must guarantee the publishers a sale of five hundred copies, it invites subscriptions, which may be sent to any of its members. The price of the book will not exceed three dollars.

THE correspondence of Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1672 to 1677, is contained in many bulky volumes of manuscript among the Stowe Papers in the British Museum. Two efforts to edit them have been made in the past, but each has exhausted the editor before the task has been much more than begun. Another effort has now been made by the Royal Historical Society, and a selection covering the years 1675-1677 has recently appeared in the Camden Third Series, Volume XXIV (Office of the Society). The work is well done, though the preface is written in an amazingly poor style. The letters are of value for the constitutional history of the period, and contain a number of items that may well find place in any general treatment of the subject. One of the letters recalls the important effect that the imprisonment in 1676 of Francis Jenks, a linen draper, had upon the passage of the Habeas Corpus act in 1679, and revives the memory of a man to whom the Englishman of to-day, and no less the American, owes some gratitude. The spelling "Gynks" throws light on contemporary pronunciation. A remark made by Charles II, and here mentioned, to the effect that "women seldome understand theyre owne buissenesse," adds somewhat to our appreciation of the royal sense of humor, for probably the King knew whereof he spoke.

THE author of "In the Old Paths: Memories of Literary Pilgrimages" (Houghton Mifflin) has fallen into neither of the traps which lie open for the writer of a book of this kind. Mr. Arthur Grant has not made a mere topographical and historical chronicle; nor has he produced a series of sentimental maunderings amid old literary shrines. Instead, his book is one which could have been written only by a man who knew the old paths, the old villages, with their dwellings and churches, and knew them well. At the same time, he skilfully offers his reader a great deal of their charm. Some of his subjects are: Hertfordshire Revisited; Wheathampstead and Charles Lamb; England's Pennsylvania—Penn Village and Stoke Poges; The Homeland of the Disraelis; Memories of Lichfield; Oxford and the Cotswolds; Amid the Haunts of Cowper. The essay on Lichfield is in the right vein, and there are two on Shenstone—From Arden to Arcady, and Shenstone, a Poet of Arcady—which are both delightful.

"LANDMARKS OF LITERATURE" (McClurg), by Arthur E. Bostwick, the librarian of the St. Louis Public Library, is based upon some lectures spoken before the training classes of two or three large libraries. In eighteen brief chapters the author discusses such matters as The Nature of Literature, Special Literary Forms, The Structure of Literature, Some Formalities in Written Speech, and The Preservation of Literature. All is in good sense; if there is a little obviousness the author's lively style saves it from banality. Dr. Bostwick says that the subjects are not treated in any other one place in a style to make them interesting to the general reader. This is doubtless true, and yet one feels that the book will be most used by the library student. One also feels that such a work from a man who knows the needs of aspiring librarians is in the nature of a confession that his colleagues of the future are not very securely grounded in some of the essentials of their profession.

A TIMELY and interesting book of an historical nature is Percy F. Martin's "Maximilian in Mexico" (Scribner). Unlike some recent works, it is more than its title indicates, for of its 480 pages, over 150 are given up to Maximilian's earlier career, and to the conditions in Europe and Mexico that led to French intervention. Mr. Martin has travelled widely throughout Latin-America, and written many books, besides countless articles in the newspapers and journals which he has represented on his travels. His "Mexico of the Twentieth Century" has for some time been the standard work in English on the economic resources of the republic as it was under President Diaz. Some of Mr. Martin's books have been very dull, but this one is readable. The author has a strong sympathy for his hero, and a fairly clear comprehension of his subject. An impressive bibliography, which will probably be of greater value to future historical students than it seems to have been to the author, contains relatively few references to books published in this country. Like most journalists, Mr. Martin writes readily, and rarely fails to publish anything that he has written. He also has the strong prejudices of the British newspaper corespondent, and is, as a rule, unwilling to think well of the United States of America. His animus is constantly cropping out, but it is so perfectly obvious that it makes his books interesting and instructive. It is often "good medicine" to read the criticisms of a prejudiced English traveller.

IN the present disordered state of our diplomatic service, the chapter dealing with the United States representatives in Mexico, during the last part of Maximilian's life, is peculiarly significant, and deserves to be widely read. The Campbell affair is one which may well cause us to blush for shirt-sleeved diplomacy. "It has to be remembered that whereas Mr. Campbell was appointed Minister to Mexico, in May, 1866, he did not take up his duties until December, while he resigned in the following June, of 1867. During the whole thirteen months, he had journeyed but once to the Republic of Mexico, and had never visited the capital at all. He had not met, nor had he troubled to meet, a single member of the Mexican Administration; his letters of credence had remained in his portfolio until delivered by a deputy, and beyond a number of crudely composed and badly translated dispatches addressed to the Foreign Minister, the Mexican Government had no official cognizance of his existence." It is Mr. Martin's opinion that "Mr. Lewis D. Campbell should never have been in the diplomatic service of any country — especially that of the United States. It is doubtful whether any other government would have employed such an officer." Naturally, Mr. Martin does not spare Campbell's reputation, and presents only one side of the case; but at best there is little justification for an episode which, if it did not actually cost Maximilian his life, has left an indelible stain on the records of our State department. The book is illustrated by many good portraits.

NO READER of Mr. Arthur Symons's "Knave of Hearts" (John Lane) can entertain a doubt of its author's rare poetic accomplishments, his possession of subtle melody, phrasal suggestiveness, and a vibrant sensibility which reaches the nerves, if not the hearts, of his hearers. The opening for the skeptic lies elsewhere—in the insubstantiality of the work as the poetical outcome of fourteen years of the mature life of an able man. These poems are the mere exhalations—here and there the effluvia—of vague and melancholy moods, from which the author has conscientiously refused to extract either truths or incentives or discipline. If a man substituted the odors of food for food itself—and this typifies pretty clearly the aim of the symbolists—the strongest aromas would no doubt come to be preferred, and a recourse at times to horror or sensuality is the price Mr. Symons pays for carrying the etherealization of beauty to excess. A like reaction is evident in certain wilful interruptions or distortions of the obvious course of the metre, in conformity to the latter-day doctrine that a calculated roughness is the finish of finish. The author uses and abuses the word "dream," and his poems suggest that half-waking state in which realities float dimly upon a surface of hallucinations. Indeed, many qualities in this work, its vagueness, its plaintiveness, and its fleshliness, suggest that the very traits which were once regarded as the disabilities of adolescence have here been set up as the standards of maturity. The collection embraces two powerful brief dramatic scenes from the life of Nero, and a truculent sonnet against women rioting for their rights. More than half

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the volume consists of translations, chiefly from Verlaine and Catullus, in which the virtuosity of Mr. Symons meets hard tests successfully, and sometimes reaches a mastership which all but refutes the favorite dogma of the untranslatability of verse. While it is true that English—even an English lightened by Mr. Symons—is too slow and too massive to reproduce the lightness and celerity of a French aerated by Verlaine, the translations are remarkable both for sensibility and for execution.

DR. ARTHUR S. WAY has turned a prodigious amount of Greek verse into English verse, with somewhat uneven success. His "Argonautica," in Morris's flowing ballad lines of six accents, seemed to us an excellent reproduction of the original, though it did not suit the taste of some critics. Certainly his Quintus Smyrnæus, in blank verse, recently published in the Loeb Library, was a masterly bit of translation. But his Euripides, revised for the same Library, was on the whole a commonplace piece of work, and his Sophocles, the second part of which, containing the "Aias," "Electra," "Trachinian Maidens," and "Philoctetes," has just been issued by Macmillan, will not increase his reputation. It is scholarly, it follows the original closely without being servile, it has many virtues, but too much of it bears the brand of "mechanic exercise." A specimen will confirm this judgment—the first words of the chorus:

> Electra, hapless child
> Of mother sin-defiled,
> Why in insatiate mourning dost thou pine
> For him who long erewhile
> Ensnared by treacherous guile
> Of thine own mother's impious design,
> Died by her felon hand?
> Ruin seize them who planned
> And wrought the deed!—if such prayer may be mine.

We submit that this sort of jigging rhyme would not give a non-Grecian reader the slightest notion of the lyrical parts of a Greek tragedy. Elsewhere, particularly when he uses a long free metre, Dr. Way is decidedly more successful, as, for example, in this noble reply of Electra:

> Oh, if the dead is to lie dust, nothingness, ever forlorn—
> Oh, if on traitor assassins shall dawn no retributive morn,
> Out of men's hearts must all honor, all fear of the Gods be torn.

There is something of the swing of the original in that, a little of its spirit, too, although as a matter of fact Dr. Way has allowed himself rather more license here in filling out with conventional poetic words than in the passage before quoted. Perhaps the point is just there. To reproduce the effect of the less ornate lines of Greek poetry it is virtually necessary to heighten the tone, so to speak, by developing the metaphorical or emotional vocabulary; otherwise what is nervous and elegant in the original becomes flat and prosaic in the translation—such is the difference in the genius of the two languages. Dr. Way has not employed this art with uniform cunning—but neither has any one of his predecessors. Sophocles still awaits a translator.

THE death occurred on April 15 of George Alfred Townsend, the newspaper correspondent, novelist, and poet, who wrote under the pseudonym of "Gath." Mr. Townsend was born in Georgetown, Del., on January 30, 1841, and graduated from the Central High School, Philadelphia, in 1860. His first experience of journalism was in the same town, but in 1862 he became war correspondent for the New York *Herald,* and later in the year went to England, where he lectured on the war and wrote for English and American publications. In 1864-5 he served as war correspondent for the New York *World,* and in the following year described for the same paper the Austro-Prussian war. For forty years subsequent to 1867 he resided in Washington and wrote daily correspondence for a number of papers, among them the Chicago *Tribune* and the Cincinnati *Enquirer.* Mr. Townsend was the author of "The Bohemians," a play, 1862; "Campaigns of a Non-Combatant," 1865; "Life of Garibaldi," 1867; "Real Life of Abraham Lincoln," the same year; "The New World Compared with the Old," 1868; "Poems," 1870; "Lost Abroad," 1870; "Washington Outside and Inside," 1871; "Mormon Trials at Salt Lake," 1872; "Washington Rebuilded," 1873; "Tales of the Chesapeake," 1880; "Bohemian Days," 1881; "The Entailed Hat," 1884; "President Cromwell," a drama, 1885; "Katy of Catoctin," 1886; "Life of Levi P. Morton," 1888; "Tales of Gapland; Mrs. Reynolds and Hamilton," 1887; "Columbus in Love," 1892; "Poems of Men and Events," 1900.

CHARLES S. S. PEIRCE, logician, mathematician, and philosopher, who died on April 20, was born in Cambridge, Mass., on September 10, 1839, the son of Prof. Benjamin Peirce, the foremost American mathematician of his time. His mother was the daughter of United States Senator Mills, of Massachusetts. He was graduated from Harvard in 1859. He was connected with the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey for a number of years, and for several years was lecturer on logic in Johns Hopkins University. It was in this subject that his most original work was done, his papers on the algebra of logic and on the logic of relatives being pioneer work, and giving him an international reputation. His most conspicuous contribution to the philosophical thought of the time was the idea of pragmatism, afterwards developed and modified by William James. In 1887 he retired to Pike County, Pa., to devote himself completely to logic. His only companion was his wife, who, before her marriage, was Juliette Froissy. Mr. Peirce was a member of the National Academy of Sciences, and a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He was the author of "Photometric Researches," and of numerous articles upon logic, history of science, metaphysics, psychology, mathematics, gravitation, astronomy, map projections, color-sense, chemistry and the cataloguing of libraries. He contributed a large part of the scientific definitions to the Century Dictionary and some of the chief articles on logic to Baldwin's Dictionary of Psychology and Philosophy. During many years, Mr. Peirce was a highly valued contributor to the *Nation,* his reviews of mathematical and other scientific works being of unusual interest and brilliancy.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD CROCKETT, the novelist, who died on April 20 in Scotland, was born in Duchrae, Galloway, September 24, 1860. He was educated in Edinburgh, Heidelberg, and at New College. In 1886 he entered the Free Church of Scotland and was minister of Penicuik for several years. It was at this time that he turned his attention to journalism. In 1893 he wrote "The Stickit Minister," his first and possibly his most successful novel. Among his other novels are "The Raiders," 1894; "Mad Sir Uchtred," 1894; "Cleg Kelly," 1896; "Lochinvar," 1897; "Sir Toady Lion," 1897; "The Red Axe," 1898; "The Black Douglas," 1899; "Ione March," 1899; "Kit Kennedy," 1899; "The Stickit Minister's Wooing," 1900; "The Dark o' the Moon," 1902; "An Adventurer in Spain," 1903; "The Bloom of the Heather," 1908; "Love in Pernicketty Town," 1911, and "The Moss Troopers," 1912.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

THE so-called "federal solution" has occupied a prominent position of late in Parliamentary discussions of the Home Rule bill. Its chief attraction for party tacticians is that nobody knows anything about it, and therefore there is little or no opposition to the idea. Some Liberals are inclined to look kindly upon it in the hope that it may conciliate the Opposition, and on the other side some Unionists see the chance that the prospect of a federal settlement may be used to postpone actual home rule in Ireland until the Greek Kalends. The need of elementary instruction in the subject may be realized from the fact that one member of Parliament actually expressed his preference for a federal system on the ground that it would set up an undivided sovereignty in place of a divided sovereignty.

ALMOST the only voice raised in warning is that of Mr. Erskine Childers, who cautions Liberals against proposals to "federalize" the Home Rule bill by making it conform, without the smallest regard to the special needs and claims of Ireland, to some nebulous plan—undiscussed in the country, unsanctioned even in principle by the country—for the future reorganization of the United Kingdom. He further objects that the suggestion is a return to the vicious attitude of putting English interests first and Irish interests second. "Our business," he declares, "is to give Ireland home rule because it is an act of justice, and to give her the kind of home rule which suits her needs, not the kind which suits British convenience."

ONE never knows in what eccentricity the new enterprise of the *Times* is going to break out nowadays. Here is its latest bid for advertisements: "The capital outlay charged to insure the appearance of an 'In Memoriam' announcement in the *Times* annually in perpetuity is £15 for four lines, and pro rata." No

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doubt, while their grief is fresh upon them, many bereaved persons of means will avail themselves of this offer. One of the Labor papers, however, has had the impertinence to work out a sum in arithmetic to find out what this means. The interest on £15 at 5 per cent. per annum is 15 shillings. The advertiser, therefore, in addition to making the *Times* a capitalist to the extent of £15, is paying it 15 shillings for a four-line In Memoriam notice. But the ordinary every-day charge for a single In Memoriam notice in the *Times* is 7 shillings and 6 pence—just half that sum—for anything up to six lines.

MR. EDWARD MARSTON, whose death occurred recently in England, in his ninetieth year, deserves remembrance on other grounds than his longevity. The publisher who brought out Wilkie Collins's "Woman in White," Charles Reade's "Hard Cash," R. D. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," William Black's "Daughter of Heth," James Payn's "Lost Sir Massingberd," and the early books of Thomas Hardy, certainly played an active part in the production of English fiction of the Victorian period. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Louisa M. Alcott, and Harriet Beecher Stowe were among the American authors whose English editions were issued by Mr. Marston's firm. Mr. Marston was one of the few survivors of the special constables enrolled to assist in the keeping of the peace at the time of the Chartist troubles in 1839.

THE site of the supposed villa of the poet Horace has been excavated by order of the Italian Government with the following result, according to a report from the French School of Rome. The buildings which have been cleared were of three epochs: (1) the beginning of the Empire, when they were part of some rich man's house; (2) the end of the first century of the Christian era, when they were baths; (3) the second century, also baths. Nothing has been found to confirm the tradition of Horace's villa.

SEVERAL years ago the *Nation* had occasion to notice the valuable work done by Nahum Schlousch in his theses for the French doctorate of letters—on the history and literature of the Jewish colony of North Africa, of which he is himself a native. He has now reported to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres the results of the Government mission with which he has been charged in Morocco. Dr. Schlousch crossed through the Glaoua, the mountain passes at a height of 8,500 feet, and came down in the hitherto inaccessible zone of the East by the course of the Oued Dads. He classifies his explorations: (1) Cave shelters of the Great Atlas; (2) so-called Roman ruins; (3) monuments of Berber architecture; (4) historical documents. He has analyzed for the Academy ten collections of manuscripts in Hebrew and Jewish Arabic, relating to several centuries of Moroccan history and revealing many unknown events. Thus, a Christian principality still existed in the Upper Draa after 900 A. D. Also, the Jewish population of the Mellah in the high mountain region is shown to have been of native and not Spanish origin, as commonly supposed, by Hebrew inscriptions of the Great Atlas extending from the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries.

Science

THE COSMOS OF "PARADISE LOST."

Milton's Astronomy. By Thomas N. Orchard. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

This volume is devoted mainly to an exposition of the many choice passages in Milton which embody astronomical allusions. Mr. Orchard, by way of a suitable background for such interpretation, begins with a brief historical sketch of astronomy, from the time when primitive man first directed his attention to the study of celestial phenomena down to the death of Milton in 1674. Even during his lifetime astronomy made vast progress: the telescope was invented, making possible the discovery of spots on the sun, moons of Jupiter and Saturn, phases of Venus, the stellar composition of the Galaxy; and the definite substitution of the Copernican system for the Ptolemaic, which utterly revolutionized the progress of human thought.

Milton was alive to all this and fully conversant with it. Mr. Orchard's sketch of astronomy, while hardly satisfying from a practical astronomer's point of view, and making overmuch of the picturesqueness of Horrox, nevertheless well indicates the atmosphere of Milton's time; but it is even more important to remember that several years of the poet's young life, while he lived at Horton in Buckinghamshire, were devoted to the study of a type of physical science now known as cosmography, or cosmology. A lengthy chapter deals very fully with this, making it clear how the momentous events of "Paradise Lost" take place in the four regions of universal space, as he conceived it: the Mundane Universe, Hell, Chaos, and the Empyrean.

Students of the modern cosmogony will find much that is suggestive in Milton's poetic fancies. Mosaic and Hesiodic in origin, they improve on Ovid's conception by personifying Chaos, and likening the tumult of the elements, as Mr. Orchard says, to the heat-tormented streams within a molten planet:

> Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
> Up from the bottom turned by furious winds
> And surging waves, as mountains to assault
> Heaven's highth, and with the centre mix the pole. vii. 212-15.

By a happy anticipation he points out the direction in which modern research has definitely tended: that there is really but one kind of matter in the universe, and that cosmic changes through the lapse of ages may return systems of worlds to the primordial condition of chaos.

No poetic or philosophic system of the Miltonian era would have been acceptable with the infernal regions left out; and in order to localize Hell, the poet partitioned off the lowest depths of Chaos for his Inferno:

> A universe of death, which God by curse
> Created evil, for evil only good. ii. 622-23.

All the Early Fathers, and Dante also, put Hell within the earth, and St. Thomas was quite right in declaring that nobody without a special revelation can say exactly where it is. Milton, by placing it far outside the Universe and at the nether side of Chaos, favored rather the ancient classical and mythological conception.

Upward and out of Chaos sprang the Mundane Universe: matter rolled into whorls and vortices that condensed into suns and systems of worlds, comprising a countless multitude of shining orbs, the fixed stars and spiral nebulæ of the present age. Of course, Milton adopted the Ptolemaic system of concentric spheres in localizing all the known bodies of his Universe, which, as a whole, were pendant by a golden chain from the floor of the Empyrean. These several spheres revolved, earth-centred, with a

> Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails. viii. 38.

Outside the *Sphæra Stellarum*, or eighth sphere of the Universe, there was nothing save the two huge hollow spherical shells added to the Ptolemaic system by the astronomers of the Middle Ages: the ninth *Crystalline* Sphere, and a tenth or *Primum Mobile*, "the wheel of day and night," which, as Professor Masson says, "strongly shelled us in" against the frightful warfare of the elements which was perpetual in Chaos.

Mr. Orchard makes a most interesting chapter of Milton's brief residence in Italy, especially in relation to the "Tuscan Artist," whom he visited at Arcetri, just out of Florence. "There it was," wrote Milton, "I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner of the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Francisian and Dominician licensers thought." There can be little doubt that their conversation led the poet to inquire into the merits of the new Copernican system. Milton must thoroughly have understood all the arguments for and against the heliocentric system, as is minutely set forth in the philosophic colloquy in Book viii of Adam, Raphael, and the Angel.

Our present-day knowledge of the stars, and their mysteries, of the doubles and multiples, and clusters and

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nebulæ, are amply set forth in Mr. Orchard's volume. All these objects in Milton's day were regarded as small and unimportant in magnitude, compared with the sun and the moon, and more distant than the outermost planet, though not excessively remote. It seems not a little remarkable that no individual star is mentioned by name anywhere in his poems, and only the dog-star and one other indirectly. It was not thought in Milton's day that anything could by any possibility be ascertained concerning the physical constitution of the stars; the era of the Herschels had not even dawned.

Very abundant are the allusions to Venus, as both morning and evening star; to the Pleiades, and to the Galaxy,

> that Milky Way
> Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest
> Powdered with stars, vii, 574-81.

which fairly sums up our knowledge of it, after three centuries of interrogation with lens and mirror.

Quite contrary to what we might expect, there are but two cometary allusions; and meteors more often took the poet's fancy, as the Attendant Spirit in "Comus":

> Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star—
> C. 80.

Mr. Orchard is at his best in this scholarly volume, portraying Milton in his more lengthy and numerous astronomical descriptions, from that of Creation in "Paradise Lost" to the contemplative serenity of the concluding lines of "Il Penseroso":

> And may at last my weary age
> Find out some peaceful hermitage,
> The hairy gown and mossy cell,
> Where I may sit and rightly spell
> Of every star that heaven doth shew,
> And every herb that sips the dew;
> Till old experience do attain
> To something like prophetic strain.
> 167-74.

The careful index is a great help, and might well have included first lines of citations. The few obvious printer's blemishes (pp. 48, 287, "Dr. Wallis, Savilian Professor"; p. 118, "colure is still in common use"; p. 126, "Medes and the Lydians"; p. 152, "Ptolemaic theory"; pp. 203, 284, "Houzeau") are worth correction in later editions.

Dr. George William Hill, the astronomer, generally acknowledged the foremost man in the world in the field of celestial mechanics, died on April 16 at the age of seventy-six. Dr. Hill was born in New York. He graduated from Rutgers College in 1859, and subsequently received honorary degrees from Cambridge, Princeton, Columbia, and Rutgers. In 1861 he became assistant in the office of the *American Ephemeris* and *Nautical Almanac*, and later succeeded to the direction of this publication, but resigned to become lecturer on celestial mechanics at Columbia University. In 1887 he received the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society of London, on account of his researches in connection with the lunar theory, and in 1898 he gained the Damoiscan prize of the Paris Academy of Sciences. In 1909, he received the Copley medal of the Royal Society, the highest honor awarded by that body. The preëminence of his work in mathematical astronomy was recognized by the Carnegie Institution in the publication, undertaken some years ago, of his "Collected Mathematical Works." A more extended notice of Dr. Hill will appear in the *Nation* at an early date.

Drama

THE NEW SPIRIT OF FRENCH DRAMA.

PARIS, April 2.

The Paris theatrical year is at its turn. Plays have risen, fallen, lived, and died, and lasted. In spite of imported foreign fashions, of new social layers rising to the level of theatre-going, of physical and consequent mental changes in the living of the educated and the rich who furnish theatres their chief public, the Paris stage ever returns to the natural play-acting of the French race. This is never all tears nor all laughter; and a good deal of sermonizing is endured. A hundred years ago Tom Moore did not really believe, as his quotation marks show, what he felt himself obliged to write for English readers:

> I have the bliss
> To date to you a line from this
> "Demoralized" metropolis.

At the two state theatres and at the two dozen other theatres properly so-called which the Paris critic is supposed to follow, the atmosphere is less cosmopolitan or international and more French than it has been for many years. One would almost think that French society—the *bourgeoisie*—were pulling itself together and turning from Bohemian and exotic and doctrinaire pastime to more congenial play. Brunetière worked out his criticism by the evolution of literary forms. Now, plays in France are literature, with forms well defined; and this is a chief reason why Parisians have been unable to support very long the formless, indefinite, unliterary plays of late years.

Not that the Paris stage is becoming a safe moral or social mentor in anything except pronunciation. *Comédie-bouffe*, like *opéra-bouffe*, will always hold its own. I should imagine that "La Belle Aventure" of Robert de Flers and A. de Caillavet at the Théâtre du Vaudeville must be the best money-earner of the year, with the exception of Wagner's "Parsifal" at the Opéra. The theatre's name, of course, has nothing to do with the distorted and vulgarized American use of the word "vaudeville." Twenty years ago it had another very French success in Moreau's "Madame Sans-Gêne," but that was history piquant and well acted. "Le Roi," by Flers and Caillavet, also had a notably long run at the Théâtre des Variétés, which for a century has been the very home of Bouffe. The conversation is always a little free for the Anglo-Saxon who has still to do violence to his Puritanism; and religious men might find, as Bossuet did in all things theatrical, that the temper is too Greek.

> All is laughter, all is dust, and all is nothing!

So the Anthology said, but the Greeks, too, had Prometheus. Of all places in the world, Monte Carlo has just produced at its theatre a new French piece quite as serious. George Rivollet, who gave two successful verse-plays from Euripides to the Comédie Française, has exhaled in it the religious tragedy of certain souls of to-day in devious pilgrimages through "Jerusalem." It is there a skeptical Irish widower in public life, George Lesly, travelling with his young daughter, encounters the widowed Italian princess Domitia. In her intense piety, their mutual love is accompanied by the imperious necessity that he shall be converted, that they shall not be for ever separated by death. At the Holy Sepulchre, with her forehead bowed on the Rock of Calvary, she prays for the victorious grace. At her request he allows his daughter to walk in procession with other young girls clad in white and bearing lighted candles in their hands. Her veil catches fire, and she dies. The Italian woman whose prayer has thus been strangely answered revolts; but the stricken father bows his head in submission, because, if such things happen, there must be a God to make them right some time, somewhere. And he who is comforted by this grace of faith, in turn, has to convert her. She becomes his wife, while others—and the public—moralize. This may or may not be good theology; but the cry of helpless human sorrow is given in real words that are also high poetic tragedy in language and form. If, as is expected, the play should be produced at the Théâtre Français, it would be another sign that Jerusalem still co-exists with Babylon, which is true elsewhere than in Paris.

A mistake might be made from the slow but sure vanishing of the psychological and sociological plays which so long have cumbered the ground of dramatic art. A like death from exhaustion is

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noted in the French novel. The old problem play went first. Soul analysis, different from characterization, which is drama's quintessential, still lingers on. It was but yesterday we had the problem transferred from the individual to the undramatic collectivity in such plays as Paul Bourget's "Le Tribun"; and this, too, is going. A moderate success only has met "Un Grand Bourgeois" at the Théâtre Antoine, which was the first stage of the New Art that is already old. It is by Emile Fabre, whose other pieces have proclaimed his narrow but powerful outlook on new-rich society. Here we see the second purse-proud generation between shirt-sleeves and shirt-sleeves. The founder of the money-making business is still alive and has kept the essential temper of a workman, in sympathy with the Social Revolution. He has given over the administration of his fortune to his son, who is eager for power and willing to sweat labor, and who breaks on a rock in the third generation of these sudden riches—his daughter. She refuses to marry the man necessary to the combinations of the *parvenu* Crœsus and fixes her heart on a salaried employee. The grandfather, in the name of the Revolution of 1793 and of 1848 and of the Commune, in all of which the family had a part, has to step in and take the reins again to put all in sociological order. The solution of the sentimental question would be accepted everywhere nowadays; and the playwright's supposition that forced marriages have an air of reality in the French world of to-day is an unconvincing part of his work. In the Labor question, with all the power of his story and human talk, there is mingled a bitterness which also seems rather the resentment of a *bourgeois* with a doctrine than that of a genuine workman. With only faint praise from the Parisian public, but high appreciation of critics and probably foreign favor, it is another sign of French seriousness. This, of course, does not prevent the usual year's production of successful pieces comic in situations wherein Smollet would have revelled, like Paul Gavault's new play at the Variétés, "Ma Tante d'Honfleur."

What folly
To say that the French are not pious, dear Dolly!

S. D.

Since I wrote the above, a sensational event has happened—the resignation of M. Antoine as director of the second French state theatre, the Odéon of Paris. Whether and how far this confirms my observation of changing dispositions in the French theatrical public is a serious question, not to be answered at a moment's notice. In thirty years, Antoine has done more than any other Frenchman to lift the stage from lifeless routine and to direct it along new lines. These sometimes led back to classic French traditions, sometimes forward to New Art—and again toward exoticism. After ten years of struggle at the Théâtre Libre and ten more of fair success at the Théâtre Antoine, he has now passed eight years at the state-subsidized Odéon—and failed from a money point of view.

M. Viviani, Minister of Public Instruction, in these last closing days of Parliament, had obtained for Antoine another $25,000, but it was not enough. Antoine's last production was Molière, Corneille, and Quinault's "Psyché," with Lulli's music and ballet, to the unanimous admiration of critics in the press—and $440 as a nightly receipt! Yet Antoine's direction had brought the annual subscription receipts from $4,400 when he took the theatre to $20,000 for the present year. All this proves that no theatre can subsist on subsidies and subscriptions alone without a regular volunteer public. Why M. Antoine has not secured this also is a problem to which many answers may be given. The case is the same—but not the answers—for the American venture in Paris a year ago.

SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN.

The True Ophelia and Other Studies of Shakespeare's Women. By an Actress. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

This is a very clever little book, and particularly interesting as the product of keen and original observation quickened by professional experience. The author, of course, has nothing to offer that is subversive of long established ideals. She writes as a theatrical expert rather than as a commentator, and it is quite possible to disagree with some of the details in her conceptions—sound as these generally are in the bulk—but she always gives reasons for the faith that is in her, and exhibits notable, sometimes excessive, ingenuity in extracting support for them from the text, of which she has evidently been a most conscientious and intelligent student. Plainly, she is not one of those performers content to abide by stage traditions and acting versions. Of the modern spectacular productions, in which dramatic proportion, well-balanced characterization, and the true spirit of the play are too often sacrificed to scenic necessities or the aggrandization of the star, she speaks with sane and vigorous contempt, illustrating, by pregnant examples, the manner in which subordinate but important personages are reduced to meaningless nonentities by unintelligent compression. This is an ancient grievance, but she gives fresh point to the expression of it.

Her chief weakness as an expositor of character arises from her tendency to over-emphasize every word or phrase which can be twisted to fortify her own view and a certain unscrupulousness in arguing from imaginary conditions, wholly unwarranted by the text, if not altogether inconsistent with it. And in her interpretation of certain passages she is occasionally led astray by her desire for theatrical effectiveness. But, in the main, her reflections and conclusions exhibit as much sagacity as independence. Although the essay on Ophelia occupies the place of honor in the volume, it is inferior in interest and value to several of the others. It is not possible at this late day to say anything new about that unhappy lady and to the one vexed question about her, she does not allude. But she tells her story prettily and with very complete appreciation of its emotional and pathetic possibilities. If she ever acted it along the suggested lines, her impersonation must have been worth seeing, but the intimation, in her adopted title, that it was left for her to reveal the "true Ophelia" smacks of presumption. That was done long ago by Ellen Tree, Kate and Ellen Terry, and Helena Modjeska, not to mention others, but it is unfortunately true that the part has often been belittled by most incompetent pretenders.

In her analysis of Lady Macbeth our anonymous actress not only displays fine imagination and intuition, but possibly affords a clue to her own identity. In any case, she rehearses the views and seems to speak with the tongue of Clara Morris. That great actress did not, indeed, fully embody the ideal here set forth—for the simple reason that her technical efficiency was unequal to the task imposed upon it by her artistic inspiration—but she did succeed in making the intellectual intent of it clear, and in establishing its plausibility, if not its correctness. There has always been a critical controversy—which is not likely to be settled—concerning the relative responsibility of Macbeth and his wife for the crimes in which they were mutually engaged. In the theatre the question is apt to be decided by the dominance or popularity of the male or the female performer. Any theory making Lady Macbeth the primary instigator of the plot is plainly untenable. Macbeth conceived it upon the first hint from the witches. But it was she who applied the spur to his faltering purpose and goaded him to action. In this sense she became the leader in the enterprise, developing a nature and will essentially masculine. Charlotte Cushman, with her rugged power—and other famous actresses of similar type—could embody this conception successfully, and

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helped to make it traditional. But it involves certain inconsistencies. Would an Amazon of this kind have provoked the tender terms of endearment—"dearest chuck," etc.—which Macbeth addressed to her, or would she have been liable to feminine collapse?

This actress—like Clara Morris, who, indeed, could have portrayed no other—conceives a Lady Macbeth direfully ambitious, subtle and unscrupulous, but with the external fascinations of her sex, beautiful, alluring, guileful as the serpent. Mrs. Siddons is known to have approved this interpretation—while adopting one better suited to her own style and personality—and there is much to be said in its favor, as all candid readers of this book will acknowledge. But it does not dispense with the necessity for tragic force in the great climaxes, and it was the absence of this quality that was the fatal defect in Miss Morris's bold and thoughtful performance.

The chapter on the Queen Mother in "Hamlet," having for its chief object the rehabilitation of that unfortunate lady, is full of sound and acute criticism. The thesis that Gertrude was an innocent, simple, well-meaning woman, the victim of circumstances altogether beyond her control, is argued with convincing skill. And there is a capital dissertation on the character of Portia and the really strong legal point in her defence of Antonio, not the quibble about the "jot of blood," but the fact that, by his refusal to provide a surgeon, Shylock was convicted of a "conspiracy against the life" of a Venetian, and thereby brought himself under the terms of the statute. Her interpretation of the moral of "The Taming of the Shrew" will find cordial acceptance with her own sex. She does not believe in the least in Petruchio's triumph or Katharina's conversion. She holds that Katharina delivers her marital sermon with her tongue in her cheek, stooping only to conquer, and that in the end Petruchio will find out that it is he who has been tamed. The book is very good reading.

Arthur McKee Rankin died in San Francisco on April 17 at the age of seventy-three years, nearly sixty of which had been spent on the stage. Mr. Rankin was born in Canada and first appeared on the stage at Rochester, N. Y., under the name of George Henley. In the sixties he played in London under his own name, and his first appearance in New York was in 1870, when he played with Lydia Thompson. He was associated with the Continental Theatre Company in Boston, other members of which were E. L. Davenport, his daughter Fanny, James Lewis, and Kitty Blanchard, whom Rankin afterwards married. Later, when A. M. Palmer formed his stock company at the Union Square Theatre, Rankin was engaged and established a sound reputation in heavy parts. Probably his greatest success was as Jacques Frochard in "The Two Orphans." Together Mr. and Mrs. Rankin produced "The Danites," founded on Joaquin Miller's novel "The First Families of the Sierras," and "49," another Western drama. They built Rankin's Theatre on Third Avenue, which was opened in 1883 by Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle." Recently Mr. Rankin had been associated with Miss Nance O'Neill in Shakespearean productions.

Music

WAGNER'S UNPUBLISHED LETTER.

(The Withdrawal of "Tannhäuser.")

Much has been written about the celebrated fiasco of the first performance of "Tannhäuser" at the Paris Opera House, which occurred just half a century ago this spring. In this connection was published some years ago a letter to Wagner, in reply to one from him, written by the Minister of State of the time, Count Walewski, who, during the Second Empire, had under his control everything pertaining to the subventioned theatres. These, of course, included the Opera House, where "Tannhäuser" was produced, on March 13, 1861. But the text of the letter to which Count Walewski's is the reply has never been made public. Thanks, however, to Mr. J. G. Prod'homme, the Paris musical critic, we are able to give an English translation of this document, even before the French original has appeared in print. The draft of the letter as finally sent was found recently in the archives of the Paris Opera House. The chirography is, of course, that of Wagner, who knew French very well, though there are some changes, in the writing of his warm friend and librettist, Nuitter, who was then archivist of the Opera. The occasion was so important that Wagner had recourse to his collaboration, but in the translation given below, the text of Wagner has been followed, which, it may be stated, has undergone but a few minor modifications by the pen of Nuitter. It may be added that Walewski's reply to Wagner's request was a decisive negative, in consequence of which, and the turmoil of the public at the first performances, Wagner decided simply to withdraw the opera, though all the seats were sold ahead for a dozen nights:

Since, by order of his Majesty, "Tannhäuser" has been admitted to the répertoire of the Opera, it is scarcely necessary for me to assure your Excellency how profoundly grateful I am for this honor. I must add, too, how touched I am by the zeal and talent with which the administration, the heads of the different departments, and the artists themselves, of the Opera have seconded me in this undertaking. Up to the last moment, I felt that the performance would be quite worthy of the high favor with which I have been honored by his Majesty. But there is one point to which I feel I ought to call the attention of your Excellency. I refer to the leadership of the orchestra.

When at the beginning of this affair, M. Royer, director of the Opera, asked me if I would lead the orchestra during the first performances, I declined this honor on the ground that it would be more natural and more in the interest of the opera itself if I were to initiate the regular leader into all my intentions, and in this way make sure that the piece would be well executed, whether I were present or not. So I have made every effort to accomplish this end, and have furnished every possible explanation. But, notwithstanding all this labor, I am now convinced myself and stand ready to convince likewise a committee of artists, that the leader who is going to conduct this opera is not yet in a position to perform this difficult task, which cannot be mastered in a few months. When I am not immediately at hand to aid him, when I leave the stage and sit in the auditorium, I am struck at every moment by his incompetency, his lack of memory, and his inability to keep up the indicated movements; while the singers, who are left to take care of themselves, feel that they are not supported by the leader and the orchestra. Under such circumstances, the performance is sure to be but a mediocre success, which will not repay all the effort put into it. This is a serious risk to run for a work which makes no concessions to ordinary tastes, and which can force attention only by means of perfect execution, which could be had if I were at the head of this so justly famous body of musicians.

This favor, which I at first declined, is everywhere considered a composer's right. When I declined it, I never dreamed that my right to exercise it would be questioned at the last moment when circumstances made me feel that I should exercise it. But now I find it impossible to get M. Dietsch, the leader of the orchestra, to grant me this favor.

In venturing to ask your Excellency to come to my aid in this matter, I am the first to recognize the difficult position in which I place your Excellency. If I were in the ordinary situation of an author in relation to his theatre, I should simply withdraw my opera from the stage before the first night. But it would be impossible for me to act in this way on this occasion, when I have been treated with such high favor. Yet, as matters now stand, I find myself on the eve of a first-night where success seems very doubtful. Consequently, the only course left for me would seem to be to have nothing further to do with this affair, whose direction is no longer in my hands. But before withdrawing, I have felt that I should send your Excellency this protest against the presentation of my work under such conditions, and should declare that I reserve the right to protest also to the public, if what happens in the near future calls for such a protest.

Paris, March 7, 1861.

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REAL MUSIC TEACHING.

Musical Interpretation. By Tobias Matthay. Boston: Boston Music Co. $1.50.

Piano Playing with Piano Questions Answered. By Josef Hofmann. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1 net.

For serious students of the pianoforte there is probably no more helpful book than Tobias Matthay's "The Act of Touch." Although its style is not remarkable for lucidity, it throws much light on obscure questions of prime importance to all players. The author, who is professor at the Royal Academy of Music in London, has written several other books of instruction that are much used. His latest work, "Musical Interpretation," includes a series of lectures repeatedly delivered by him. While dealing with the subject mainly from the pianist's point of view, the principles formulated concern also the players of other instruments, including even the operators of mechanical pianos.

Liszt, the greatest teacher as well as the greatest pianist that ever lived, never gave a real "lesson" in his life. He confined himself entirely to hints as to interpretation, to playing examples, and to arousing enthusiasm for the good in art and contempt for the meretricious. A similar result is evidently aimed at by Professor Matthay. While he believes that really great artists are born, he is convinced that even the most talented can be greatly helped by wise counsel, because it prevents their wasting years in futile experiments. The trouble with most teachers is that they do not know how to impart helpful advice. They tell a pupil to "play more sympathetically" or "more rhythmically," without pointing out precisely how it is to be done—many of them for the good reason that they do not themselves know how to do it. Professor Matthay does know, and therein lies the value of his instructions. He makes perfectly clear the difference between mere cramming and real teaching, as well as that between merely directing pupils to "do things" and teaching them to think—to ponder the reason why. This way of imparting information also makes work infinitely more agreeable to the teacher, who, as the author pathetically remarks, not infrequently hears a pupil whose performance is "appallingly unmusical—sometimes enough to make him almost shriek with the downright misery of it."

There is one chapter in this book which cannot be as cordially endorsed as the others, although the author evidently is particularly proud of it. It is concerned with The Element of Rubato. While it is gratifying to find him maintaining that the rubato is applicable not only to Chopin and other modern composers, but also to the classical writers from Bach to Beethoven, one is disappointed to find that Professor Matthay adheres to the absurd old notion that if the player dwells a little on one note, he must shorten those that follow sufficiently to atone for the extra time thus given—a rule as preposterous as it would be to ask an actor, if he dwells on a word or two at the beginning of a line, to accelerate the following words so as to deliver each line of a stanza in exactly the same time.

That is not the way the great pianists play. Their rubato consists in frequent slight accelerations or retardations of the pace, without any regard for the metronome or the mechanical steps of the dance-hall. Yet some of them, while instinctively using the poetic freedom of pace, parrot that same old æsthetic police regulation about restoring in one place the time "stolen" (rubato) in another. There is such a thing as that, but it is of very slight importance compared with the real rubato, about which Paderewski has written so eloquently.

The greatest of Paderewski's colleagues, Josef Hofmann, makes that same mistake in his book on the piano. The first edition of this book appeared six years ago. It is now reprinted with the addition of 175 pages of answers to questions which were first printed in the *Ladies' Home Journal.* As in the case of Professor Matthay's book, the pages on rubato are the only ones to which one can take exception. It is needless to say that Hofmann does not live up to that maxim; he plays poetically, not metronomically; indeed, he repeatedly "speaks disrespectfully" of the metronome, which "kills the vital expression in playing." Hofmann was a pupil of Rubinstein, to whose method of teaching he devotes some pages. The multiplicity of topics touched on by him is indicated by the fact that the index covers sixteen columns. A few of the subjects discussed are: Starting on a Concert Career, Afraid to Play Before People, Can Music Be Studied in America? How to Get Music Published, How to Use the Pedal, International Pitch, Individual Teacher or Conservatory? Organizing a Musical Club, Sex of the Piano Teacher, Watch Your Breathing, Why the Piano Is So Popular.

HENRY T. FINCK.

"Mona Lisa" is the name of a new opera by Schillings, which is to be produced at the Imperial Opera in Vienna next season.

The object of the new Music League of America is to help talented young musicians to obtain professional engagements of a remunerative character. There has been in recent years a surprising growth of interest in music and a steadily increasing demand for singers and players, but the plums have more often gone to those who have business instincts than to those who are musically the most gifted. The main object of the League is to correct this state of affairs by bringing deserving artists into touch with the clubs and private parties requiring their services. Orders for the services of artists, amounting to several thousand dollars, have already been received. Singers or players, unless already well known, must be passed on by a jury of experts before they will be endorsed. The League is backed up with abundant capital, the officers being Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, Mrs. Willard D. Straight, Mrs. Otto H. Kahn, Mrs. Linzee Blagdon, Mr. Alvin Kroch, and Mr. Dave Hennen Morris.

During the thirty-nine weeks of the first season of the Century Opera Company twenty-six operas were sung in the following order: "Aïda," "La Gioconda," "Tales of Hoffmann," "Lohengrin," "Jewels of the Madonna," "Madame Butterfly," "Tosca," "Lucia," "Samson and Delilah," "Il Trovatore," "Thaïs," "Faust," "Bohemian Girl," "Carmen," "Louise," "La Bohême," "Romeo and Juliet," "Rigoletto," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Manon," "Hänsel and Gretel," "The Secret of Suzanne," "Tiefland," "Martha," "Natoma." All the operas were sung in English. The experiment of giving one performance in the original language was soon abandoned. Some of the operas named were sung more than one week; it is pleasant to note that Humperdinck's charming fairy opera, "Hänsel and Gretel," holds the record, having been sung, in conjunction with the International Ballet, twenty-nine times. "Aïda" and "The Tales of Hoffmann" also proved very popular, being sung seventeen times each, while "Madame Butterfly" and "Thaïs" each had sixteen performances, and "Louise" had fifteen. It is worth noting that with the eight performances given last week Victor Herbert's "Natoma" has been sung thirty-eight times altogether, which is a bigger success than any other American grand opera has won. The Century Opera House is to be rebuilt during the summer to make room for 40 per cent. more of the cheaper seats, for which there has been the largest demand. Better translations of librettos are promised for next season, which is to be considerably shorter than the first, because the house will be taken for a time by Mr. Dippel and his operetta company.

Ernest Schelling, on his last tour in America, did a good service in making his audiences acquainted with some of the masterworks of the "Spanish Chopin," Enrique Granados. The Schirmers have just published four of the latest compositions by this original writer: a "Valse de Concert," "A la Cubana," "Danzas Espagñolas," and "Marche Militaire."

The conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society, Mr. Stransky, and the conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, Dr. A. S. Vogt, have made a plan for repeating in New York in 1915 or 1916 the programmes of the music festival to be held in Berlin on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Kaiser's reign.

Edgar Stilman Kelley has been invited by the Liszt Society to conduct his New England Symphony at their festival in Altenburg on April 27.

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Art

HOW HISTORY IS NOT REPEATED AT THE BRITISH ARTISTS'.

LONDON, April 9.

Probably there never was a time when the English artist relied so implicitly upon precedent to establish his claim to greatness. The sedulous students of Matisse and Picasso find themselves ridiculed and refused; the Pre-Raphaelites and Whistler, they say, were ridiculed and refused, but are now accepted as masters; therefore, we who are exposed to the same treatment must also be masters. The belated Impressionist remembers the years when Manet and Monet and the others of the group could not sell their pictures; he cannot always sell his own pictures as fast as he would like to; therefore, he is convinced he, too, must be a genius misunderstood. Something of the same reasoning has been used in connection with the recent appointment of Frank Brangwyn to succeed the late Sir Alfred East as president of the Royal Society of British Artists. Whistler, the critics recall, revolutionized the Society when he was elected to the same post, and he, with his followers, infused fresh life into it, with such success that in the end the British Artists themselves could not endure it and got rid of him; therefore, the critics argue, Brangwyn, who is an independent, even though an associate of the Academy, must save the Society again from the slough of commonplace.

Before the opening of the first show under his presidency great stress was laid upon the fact of his own independence, of the new members and exhibitors he was bringing with him, of the reforms he meant to initiate, and it really seemed as if the British Artists would a second time take a new lease of life from their president and be prepared to carry on the traditions of independence in art that the New English Art Club has outgrown, and the International all but forgotten; as if the historic gallery in Suffolk Street would again be the headquarters of all that is most alive and promising in English art, and, in its accomplishment, a dangerous and much-needed rival to the Academy.

Let me say at once that, now it has opened, it is a disappointment. History has not repeated itself, for the simple reason that it has not the same material to deal with. Whistler not only reorganized the Society and introduced new methods, but by his presence he gave it a distinction it had never had before and has never had since. Brangwyn, it is already evident, is also ready to reorganize the Society and run it on his own lines. Like Whistler, it is clear that he has due respect for the arrangement of an exhibition and that he believes pictures and drawings and prints should be placed upon the wall with some feeling for harmony and dignity—not crowded together, as many as the wall will hold, with the idea that the more there are the greater the chance to replenish the bank account of the Society and the pockets of the exhibitors. But Brangwyn, though he has the sense to understand the importance of the proper presentation of a work of art, has not Whistler's talent for decorative arrangement. Whistler could make a gallery beautiful; Brangwyn cannot quite do that. The best he can do is to make the British Artists' rooms pleasanter to the eye than they have been for some years past.

Brangwyn, himself, sends to the exhibition only one painting, The Bridge, Avignon, described by the catalogue as unfinished—a large canvas that might be part of a series for mural decoration. An arch of the bridge stretches high up across the composition, its midway tower seen at the far end with an indefinite indication of architectural forms on the farther side; below, a great barge and a confused group of people, with, close by, boys bathing; beyond, framed by the arch, a suggestion of country, but no suggestion whatever of Avignon or Provence in it. The first impression, as in all Brangwyn's work, whether painting, etching, or lithography, is of bigness; the second, of exaggeration, of the sacrifice to this bigness of all finer and subtler qualities, all local characteristics and atmosphere. It is the bigness of the scene-painter, color and design and detail used, it would seem, for their theatrical value. It is immensely able and clever, it abounds in the vigor which is so deplorably lacking in most paintings nowadays. But Brangwyn has not the art, or apparently the application, to hide his artificiality. Moreover, he is in danger of inventing a hard and fast formula, and a formula, no matter how vigorous, is always a serious obstacle to the artist. The danger is perhaps more seriously felt in his etchings and lithographs, but there it is, without question, and a formula cannot take the place of renewed study and inspiration; it must exhaust itself in the course of time.

Another of the more prominent newcomers is James Pryde, who has achieved of late a surprising popularity. He works on a smaller scale than Brangwyn, but on his small canvas he, too, aims at expressing architectural bigness; he, too, grows theatrical; he, too, threatens to reduce his expression of bigness to a formula, if he has not already. Recently he showed at the International an interior in which the upright posts and curtains of a great four-poster rose to colossal heights out of all proportion with the bed itself and the other detail in the room. Now he follows it up with A Sinister Interior, in which the same extravagant effect of height is strained after, and the lines of a door in the background are carried up and up, until one feels, not the desired effect, but the straining to produce it, and the figures dwindle into pigmies, and the rest of the dark and dimly seen room is reduced to an excuse, a peg upon which to hang an exercise in sensationalism.

More unexpected is the presence of George Henry, who many years ago, as one of the Glasgow School, helped startle London, but who, as an Associate of the Academy, has, in the way of most revolutionaries turned into Academicians, ceased to startle or rebel. He sends a portrait which he calls Cherries, appropriately, for the fruit, piled on a plate set in the centre of a white-covered table, is so excellently painted that the eye is drawn to it rather than to the figure of the woman who fills the other side of the canvas and who is only less sweet and pretty than the pretty and sweet women of Frank Dicksee. G. Spencer Pryse, known as a member of the Senefelder Club, has a large lithograph, a triptych, for a poster, Labor the subject, printed in three or four colors, that is one of the best things in the exhibition. It does what a poster should do—it tells on the walls, the lines and masses used to good decorative purpose, the figures well grouped, while it is free from the mawkish sentiment with which artists too often approach similar themes. Pryse is young, he shows power in his drawing, he can work out a large and spacious design, but he seems disposed in his lithographs to rely upon the same color scheme, the same types, the same effects, rather than to seek the new problems and experiments by which the artist develops himself and his talent. However, after his triptych, little else stands out with a genuine note of individuality. Bertram Priestman, who also, I believe, comes in with Brangwyn, and one or two others—now the way has been pointed out to them—seek to express their appreciation of the pictorial possibilities of work in their landscape. But with this short list I have exhausted the special interest of the exhibition; that is, of any new signs it gives of vitality in the present or renewed life in the future. Whatever achievement, whatever encouragement Brangwyn at the British Artists' may hold in store for a world sadly in need of both, he offers little promise as yet. History may repeat itself in supplying the same conditions, but conditions alone do not create the artist.

N. N.

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Finance

"WAR MARKETS."

When the news came suddenly over the wires from Washington, on Tuesday of last week, that the fleet had been ordered to Tampico, to insist on Huerta's making apology in due form for the Mexican insults to our sailors, the stock market was already declining on the news of the President's announcement that the new "Trust legislation" would be pressed. The arrival of this warlike news at once suggested a further and far more violent decline. This did not happen; the afternoon market displayed greater steadiness than that of the forenoon.

Next day the morning newspapers were crowded with black head-lines, pictures of the warships, measures of the naval force, and its belligerent capacity. People came downtown, shaking their heads and declaring that now we were "in for war." The stage was apparently set for a "war market" on the Stock Exchange. But if Wednesday's market answered that description, it foreboded very little concern about the war. When stocks went down, they fell not by points but fractions, and nearly half of them closed at a slight advance. The actual news of Huerta's refusal to submit to the terms imposed by our Government came in last Sunday. Monday's Stock Exchange market, opening slightly lower, promptly recovered all its loss, and showed every sign of coming to an expectant halt. It declined at the close, on the notion that President Wilson's address to Congress, later in the day, would bring on the crisis; but on Tuesday, with the Presidential speech on record, prices recovered all of Monday's loss.

This was at least an enigmatical "war market"; but then the war news itself was an enigma. No one has felt altogether clear in his own mind as to what kind of war this war would be, how long it would last, or how much it would cost.

There is little with which to compare the present episode, as regards the possible bearing of a war with Mexico on the financial situation. Our earlier Mexican War of 1846 throws the least imaginable light on it. Taylor commanded barely 3,600 United States troops when he crossed the border from Texas into Mexico, that year. Scott captured Vera Cruz and Mexico City, during 1847, with an army of 12,000. Our War Department's expenditure increased only $4,700,000 in the first year of that war and only $15,400,000 more in the second, and the total increase in the public debt, between the year, 1846, when war was declared, and the year, 1848, in which peace was signed at Gaudalupe Hidalgo, was only $31,500,000. But those were days of military operations with small armies, and of warfare whose expense was a trifle compared with nowadays, when even the two years' Transvaal War cost England, on the average, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer's subsequent report, $1,000,000 per day.

The composure of the Stock Exchange has been variously ascribed to the fact that even war would not make the financial position, as regards Mexico itself, worse than it was before, or to continued skepticism as to whether the war would actually amount to much in the long run. But stock markets, though often accurate in forecast, do not always display good judgment as to the probabilities at such a time.

In the Cuban war, they did. When our people began to talk of war with Spain, at the opening of 1898, the market was falling rapidly. The blowing up of the Maine in Havana harbor, during February, caused a violent decline; in March, when Spain asked the withdrawal of Consul-General Fitzhugh Lee, prices went lower still. Then all activity seemed to stop, awaiting the actual declaration of war. That came on April 21, and on the same day an advance on the Stock Exchange began, which was hardly checked during the rest of 1898, and which led the way to an outburst of activity and strength a few months later. The market had correctly foreseen a short and quickly successful war.

With the Boer War of 1899, the case was different. That war had similarly been preceded by some months of falling English markets—largely due, however, to tight money and an over-extended speculative position. Kruger's ultimatum brought on active hostilities in October. London Stock Exchange prices declined with considerable sharpness, and the bank rates rose, in England and on the Continent. But the stock market, after this first decline, recovered rather promptly. It was to be a small war; a remote war; a short war, and a war without foreign complications. This impression lasted during the two first months of fighting—after which, in December, the defeat of two English detachments under Buller and Methuen suddenly roused the markets to appreciation of the fact that the war would be long and expensive, and that the gold mines of the Transvaal would in the meantime be blockaded. Then the prolonged decline on the English Stock Exchange began.

When the Japanese fleet attacked the Russians at Port Arthur, in February, 1904, the European markets had been weak, though mainly in connection with the world-wide liquidation of 1903. The French market, where prodigious amounts of Russian bonds were held, and where it was clear that St. Petersburg would have to borrow for its war expenditure, was attacked with great violence on the war news. There was a day of panic; a heavy break in Russian bonds, and then the thrifty "country investor" of France appeared upon the scene. His purchases brought about immediate recovery on the market, which was not thereafter subjected to any violent decline.

How much of the worldwide disturbance of the markets of 1913 was due to the Balkan War itself; how much to fear of "complications between the Powers"; how much to the extravagant heights to which public and company borrowing on those markets had risen, is a still unsettled question. The one certainty of the case is that Europe, when the war broke out in 1912, said that it would be "isolated" and would not be far-reaching in its consequences, but that the event proved somebody to have badly misjudged the matter.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

FICTION.

Blundell, J. Oh, Mr. Bidgood! Lane. $1.25 net.
Curle, R. Life is a Dream. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Henry-Ruffin, M. E. The Shield of Silence. Benziger. $1.35 net.
Jones, D. E. Peter Piper. Philadelphia: Jacobs. $1.25 net.
Palmer, F. The Last Shot. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Pickthal, R. The Comic Kingdom. Lane. $1 net.
Roberts, Isabel J. Polly Day's Island. Benziger. 85 cents net.
Wayside Neighbors. By the Author of Wayside. Longmans. 90 cents net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Callahan, J. M. Semi-Centennial History of West Virginia. Semi-Centennial Commission.
Crow, C. America and the Philippines. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
Havemeyer, John Craig. Life, Letters, and Addresses. Revell. $1 net.
Macaulay's History of England. Illustrated. Vol II. Macmillan. $3.25 net.
McClure, W. K. Italy in North Africa. Philadelphia: Winston. $3 net.
Miron, E. L. The Queens of Aragon. Brentano.
Nepean, Mrs. E. On the Left of a Throne. Lane. $3 net.
Newton, A. P. The Colonising Activities of the English Puritans. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50 net.
Pennell, A. M. Pennell of the Afghan Frontier. Dutton. $3 net.
Phillips, W. A. The Confederation of Europe. Longmans. $2.50 net.
Strachey, R. A Quaker Grandmother. Revell. $1 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Fillebrown, C. B. Taxation. Chicago: McClurg. 50 cents net.
Ilbert, C. The Mechanics of Law Making. Columbia University Press.
Mecklin, John M. Democracy and Race Friction. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

POETRY.

Arensberg, W. C. Poems. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

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Comrie, F. M. A Little Book of Verse. Private edition.
Dowden, E. Poetical Works. Dutton. $4 net.
Fall, C. G. The Soul of the East. Boston: Old Corner Bookstore.
Selection of Latin Verse. New Haven: Yale University Press. 75 cents net.
Tagore, Rabindranath. The Post Office. Macmillan. $1 net.
Untermeyer, L. Challenge. Century. $1 net.

TRAVEL.

Bosanquet, Mrs. R. C. Days in Attica. Macmillan. $2 net.
Duke of Mecklenburg. From the Congo to the Niger and the Nile. Philadelphia: Winston.
Goodrich, J. K. The Coming Hawaii. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50 net.
Fyfe, H. The Real Mexico. McBride Nast. $1.25 net.
Pears, C. From the Thames to the Netherlands. Macmillan. $2 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ade, G. Fables. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Altham, E. A. The Principles of War. With Maps. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Bohn's Popular Library: Trollope: Small House at Arlington. Vaughan's Poetical Works. Trelawney: Adventures of a Younger Son. Macmillan. 35 cents net.
Cowles, J. D. The Art of Story-Telling. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.
Heath's Modern Language Series: Montaigne, Poèmes and Chants de France. Pages Choisies de Calvin. Heath. 90 cents net.
Lake English Classics: Shakspere: The Tempest. Ed. by W. A. Neilson. Chicago: Scott Foresman. 25 cents net.
Loeb Classical Library: Tacitus. Macmillan. $1.50 net each.
Thwing, C. F. The American College. Platt & Peck. $2 net.
Turnbull, U. P. Chessmen in Action. Dutton. 60 cents net.

SCIENCE.

Byrd, M. E. First Observations in Astronomy. Concord: Rumford Press.
Guillaume, C. E. Mechanics. Doubleday Page. 50 cents net.
Houston, A. C. Studies in Water Supply, Mec. Science Monographs. London: Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Lusk, G. The Fundamental Basis of Nutrition. New Haven: Yale University Press. 50 cents net.
Philip, A. The Reform of the Calendar. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Smith, E. F. Chemistry in America. Appleton. $2.50 net.
White, Lazarus. The Catskill Water Supply of New York City. John Wiley & Sons. $6 net.

ART.

The Studio Year-Book of Decorative Art. Lane. $3 net.
Year-Book of American Etching. Lane. $2 net.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Drama League Series: The Great Galeoto by Echegaray. Doubleday, Page. 75 cents net.
Parrott, T. M. The Comedies of George Chapman. London: Routledge.

REFERENCE.

Catholic Encyclopedia. Index and Reading List. Encyclopedia Press.
Faxon, F. W. F. Dramatic Index 1913. Boston: Boston Book Co.
Roberts, K. L. The Clubwoman's Handybook of Programs and Club Management. Funk & Wagnalls. 75 cents net.

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